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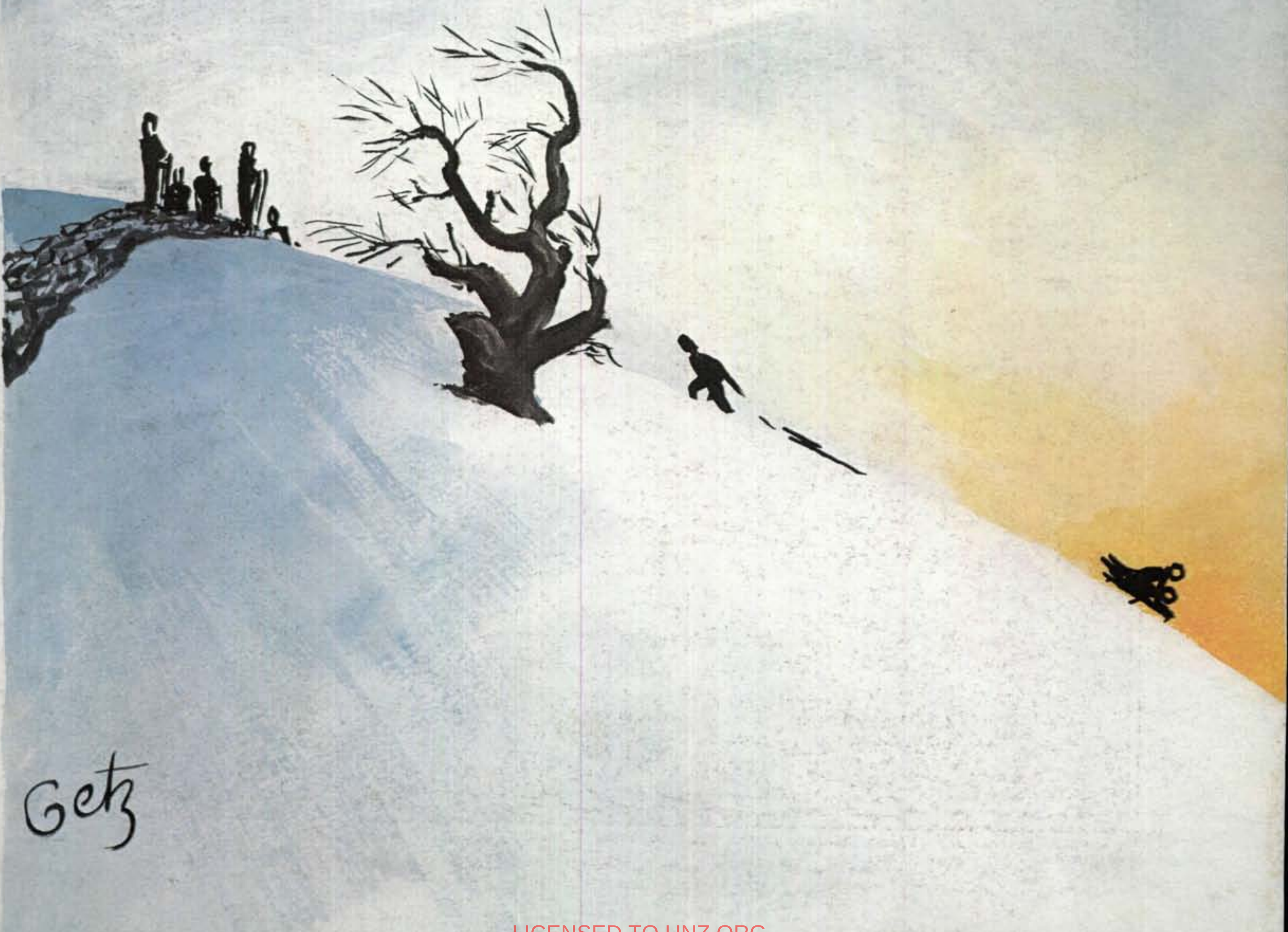

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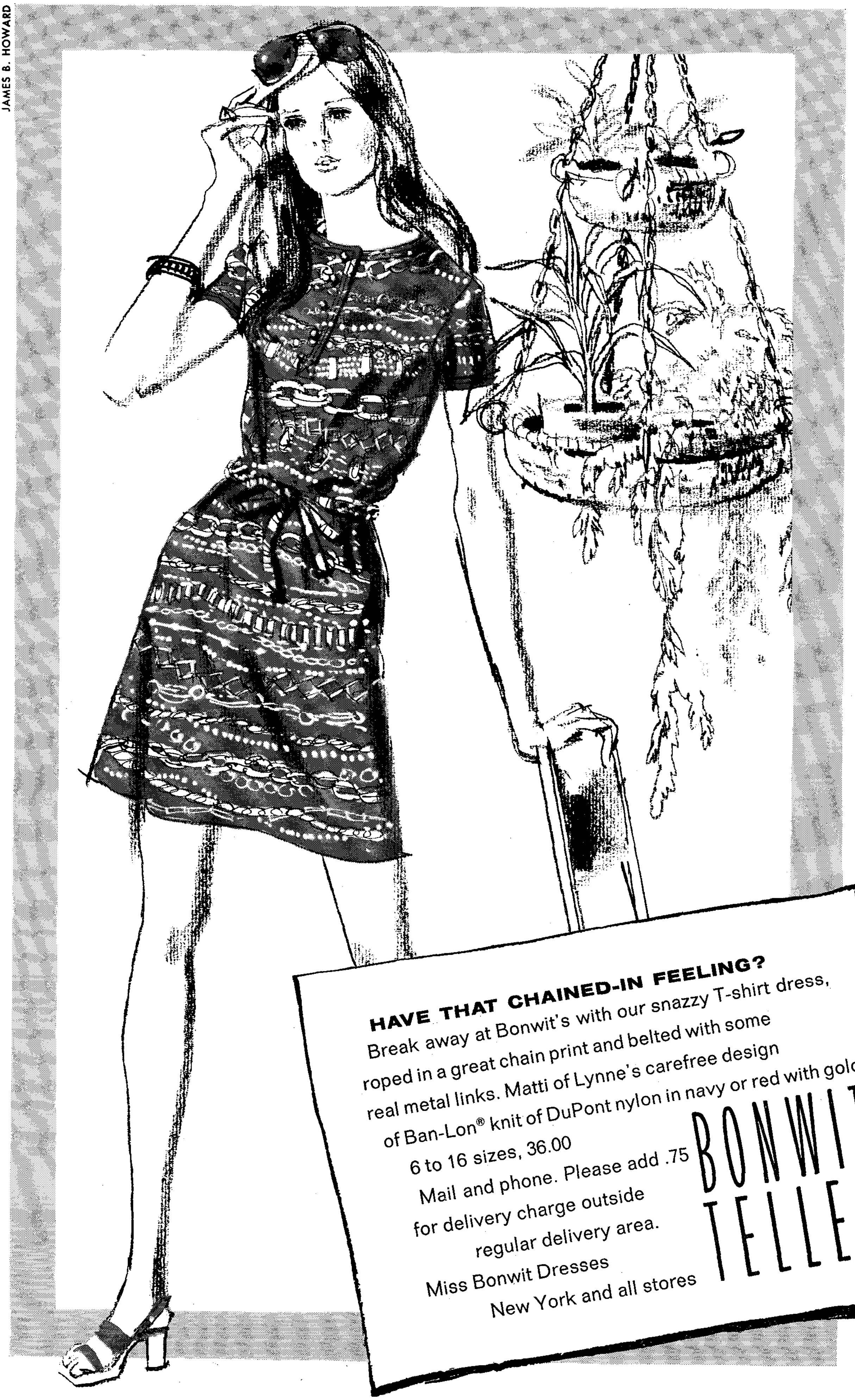

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—with the difference that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 31.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Harangues—Two one-act plays by Joseph A. Walker, the first in this season's series of three offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—There is no such word as "fail" in the lexicon of Neil Simon. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Makbeth—A strenuous exercise, with moments of ingenuity here and there. All in all, pretty wearing; any resemblance to the Shakespearean original is purely accidental. Jerry Rojo's setting is a marvel. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30.)

National Theatre of the Deaf—A one-week engagement of a double bill consisting of an adaptation of Molière's SGANARELLE and SONGS FROM MILK WOOD, an adaptation of Dylan Thomas's poem. Opens Monday, Jan. 12, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 17. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 10.)

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Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' CAMINO REAL, with Jessica Tandy, Jean Pierre Aumont, and Al Pacino, will be the second production in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 8, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Seven Days of Mourning—A self-designated fable about a poor, bedevilled Jewish family forbidden to mourn an idiot girl who has committed suicide, and about the exorcism of their demons by an insistent little fellow who calls himself "the Doctor." The situation is grim, and the references are Talmudic and special, but there is much more humor in the play than you might expect. Seymour Simckes is the dramatist. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Men on a Horse—A pleasant revival of the nineteen-thirties comedy written by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott and directed (again) by Mr. Abbott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 10.)

Long Runs—ADAPTATION and NEXT: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN: A play, by Lonne Elder III, about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . THE CONCEPT: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson, who has just replaced Julie Harris, and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by Yaphet Kotto. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in, surrounded by pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass (who has just succeeded Maureen Stapleton) and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

COCO—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOVE AND MAPLE SYRUP—A Canadian revue, devised and compiled by Louis Negin. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

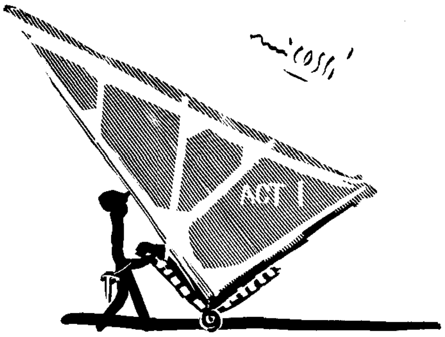
OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

SAMBO—This "black opera with white spots" has a rich and appealing score by Ron Steward and Neal Tate. Mr. Steward also wrote the libretto and plays the leading role. Many of the numbers, considered separately, come off well, but the show as a whole is confusing and the acting rather weak. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

GERTRUDE STEIN'S FIRST READER—A revue adapted by Herbert Machiz from Miss Stein's work of the same name, with a score by Ann Sternberg. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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STOMP—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:**—They fit well enough, Stephen answered. Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Jerry Jarrett. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With a new cast, headed by Phyllis Diller. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Keith Michell plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 7-9, at 6:15; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 1:15 and 5:15.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:15: "Glinka—Valse," "Reveries," "Fantasies," and "Firebird."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:15: "Glinka—Valse," "The Cage," "Apollo," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." ... ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:15: "Illuminations" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2:15: "Reveries," "Pas de Deux," and "Stravinsky Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:15: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Dim Lustre," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Final performances—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30: "Canfield," "Crises," and "Tread."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: "Walkaround Time" and "Second Hand" (première)... ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: "RainForest," "Crises," and "Second Hand."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30: "Canfield," "Winterbranch," and "Tread."... ¶ Monday, Jan. 12, at 8:30: "RainForest," "Place," and "Second Hand."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30: "RainForest," "Winterbranch," and "Walkaround Time."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30: "Scramble," "Place," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:45: "Theatre Event."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "Tread," "Crises," and "Second Hand." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

PEARL LANG—With her dance company. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

LEON JAMES AND AL MINNS—Jazz dancers. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Wolfgang Schwarz. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra matinée Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Starting Thursday, Jan. 8, Doug Kershaw, a country-and-Western man, alternates with the Fifth Avenue Band. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 7.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Brew Moore quartet plays six nights a week, producing some interesting sounds. Fridays through Sundays, singer

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Anita O'Day is around, too. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—*There's nothing special about this bar except* the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, George Reed, Joe Muranyi, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty *to three. Closed Sundays.*

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good *one—plinks and plunks from the back of a* fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and *two banjoists perched on top. They play* winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', *242* E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, *and, beginning at nine, music by the Pharoah* Sanders quintet, with singer Leon Thomas. On Tuesday, Jan. 13, things will be handed over to the Cecil Taylor Unit. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, *227* W. 52nd St. (JU 2-*8370)—Hands across the Mason-Dixon Line* are extended by Tony Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Freddie Moore, Dill Jones, and Graham Stewart. The room is tiny, the bar is adequate, the sound is large. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, *160* Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio entertains. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 7-10, Miles Davis will present a mixed bag: His quintet, taking turns with the first act of "Buck White," done by the Broadway cast—minus Mr. Clay.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. A quintet that includes Jack Dejohnette and Miroslav Vitous performs Tuesday through Thursday evenings, as well as from five to eleven on Sundays. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, Thelonious Monk's quartet will do some subtle things. Starting time is nine-thirty, in theory. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(*No dining, unless indicated.*)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly *Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons* look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years *1795-99, when France wasn't quite* making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at *23* St. Marks Pl. *(777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a* wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. The music is both live and canned. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The Witnesses, eight men from Northern Ireland, appear every so often. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, *210* E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-*3777)*—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Dream Company. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This fortress city, so long under two flags, is today under a more promising third—a banner of not very strange devices, being the house flag of Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Music (mostly George Cort's band) from eight-thirty until three. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The caravan of Ray McKinley, nearly the last of the herds of buffalo that once roamed the West, has settled in to make music from six until two every night but Sunday, when the rule is one to eight. The other musicians can be disregarded, though only with Flents. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Damon Runyon may have slept here. Music, some of it live, but the mainstay is Rodney Dangerfield, who, twice every night and three times on Saturday, sheds his tele*vision skin to reveal in pungent words his* true self. That is, he is as true as can be about the battered way of metropolitan life, and often as funny as can be about it. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU *2-1244)—Joan Rivers' belief that in domestic* matters practice makes imperfect will be set forth in rousing fashion starting Thursday, Jan. 8. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire; it is dismal when a quartet of itinerant rockers plug into the sockets. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent boy-and-girl miniature revue, which has a lot to say about a lot of matters, has a lot to be said for it, even though some of the skits get in their own weighing-in. The cast is industrious indeed, but moderate, except for a certain Pam Myers. Twice every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei, thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa* operetta—merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is what goes with red cabbage and draft beer.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The many feet of Rafael de Cordova and his Ballet Español keep putting their stamp of disapproval on all obstacles to the true course of Spanish love, and their many voices sing about it, too. They may be studied during dinner and supper every single night. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado (voice) and Leo Rivera (guitar), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Through Wednesday, Jan. 7, the home-from-college student body will be received by Oliver, a non-Dickensian singer nevertheless apt to evoke the response of "More! More!" from this segment of the clientele. On Thursday, Jan. 8, Little Anthony and the Imperials will start getting down to bedrock and roll again. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The floral, and aural, displays are all hardy perennials: Bobby Hackett's silver-threaded horn and his band (Vic Dickenson in the front rank), and the trio of Teddy Wilson. Many happy returns! On Friday, Jan. 9, they will be succeeded by other musicians. Six-thirty until two, and nothing at all on Sundays. No dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At ten-fifteen on Wednesday, Jan. 7, Gisele MacKenzie arrives in the Persian Room with a bundle of her favorite arias. Thenceforth, she will sing during both dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on humming contentedly the evening through. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The music for cerebration in **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz** comes from the Newport Jazz All-Stars (George Wein, Red Norvo, Ruby Braff, Barney Kessel, Larry Ridley, and Lenny McBrowne), who operate with the utmost New Year's resolution. The music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive triad. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty, in general.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Morgana King, a girl often given to shadowy, ethereal songs, is being properly displayed during dinner and supper in this well-appointed mountain fastness. The dance music starts off at eight. Sundays are dark.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Who are Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Carl Fontana, and Gus Johnson, Jr., but (as they freely admit) the World's Greatest Jazz Band, which is willing to play not only for dinner, beginning at seven, but for dancing, until early morn, except on Sundays and Mondays? To keep the motion perpetual, the veteran and invincible Joe Venuti and crew (Cliff Leeman, Lou Stein, and Jack Lesberg) spell this juggernaut. Thursday, Jan. 8, brings up a new deal: The Jazz All-Stars, headed by Eddie Condon, and Peanuts Hucko's quartet.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Luisito Rey, who represents Andalusia, stops singing at dinner and supper in the Maisonette on Wednesday, Jan. 14. Next evening's international arrival is Daniele Dorice, who is—shall we say?—the French toast of Montreal night life. She sings, too, and on the same schedule. The bands run by Quintero and the promising new Hal Turner will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): With patience, and on a monument, Mabel Mercer sits every night but Sunday, dispensing to the unwary, the unwitting, and even the unwilling young at heart the best of all words and music anent the greatest of all human emotions. The eminent Jimmy Lyons is her pianist. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the Pat James duo, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum,* in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In the bar of what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle sits Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Monday through Saturday in the manner of whoop-de-doo New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The music in this bar-and-grill comes from Muriel Roberts (her restrained jazz piano serves from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, from seven to nine-thirty Saturdays) and Scott Reed (his romance piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays). Both players are also given to bursts of song.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. Herman Arminski, whose piano speaks the Romance languages, is there every night but Sunday, and the fiddle handled by George Cardini is in service from Tuesday through Saturday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise en scène* is 1970, but the music (Enrico Pianori's tenor and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, is doing his Viennese piano, and sometimes serving as lyrical town crier, in this elaborate conservatory. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until midnight, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Jacques Kayal, a Grande Corniche sort of pianist and singer, has carved out a corniche for himself in Manhattan. Seven to nine, except Sundays, and a playback in the Gotham Gate bar from ten to one, likewise minus the Sabbath. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, for so many years a dispenser of well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating himself from five to eleven except on Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pat Adams—Lyrical abstractions; through Jan. 24. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Olle Baertling—Metal free-form sculptures; starting Tuesday, Jan. 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugene Berman—Early works (1929-49) by the important romanticist; through Jan. 24. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elmer Bischoff—Figure paintings and drawings by this West Coast artist; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen—One large painted wood sculpture that fills the gallery; through Jan. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sydney Butchkes—Shaped canvases; through Thursday, Jan. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract landscapes; through Jan. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony DeLap—Bright-colored geometric sculptures by a West Coast artist; starting Saturday, Jan. 10. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard DeLonga—Sculptures in steel; through Jan. 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lois Dodd—Mostly Maine landscapes; through Jan. 24. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30; open Friday and Saturday evenings, 7:30 to 9:30.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Paintings and drawings by an artist known for his studies of American types; through Jan. 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—About a dozen of this leading Italian artist's slashed or perforated canvases; through Jan. 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colin Greenly—Geometrical constructions in aluminum and glass or Plexiglas; through Jan. 29. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

James Hendricks—Realistic paintings of the moon, based on photographs; starting Tuesday, Jan. 13. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

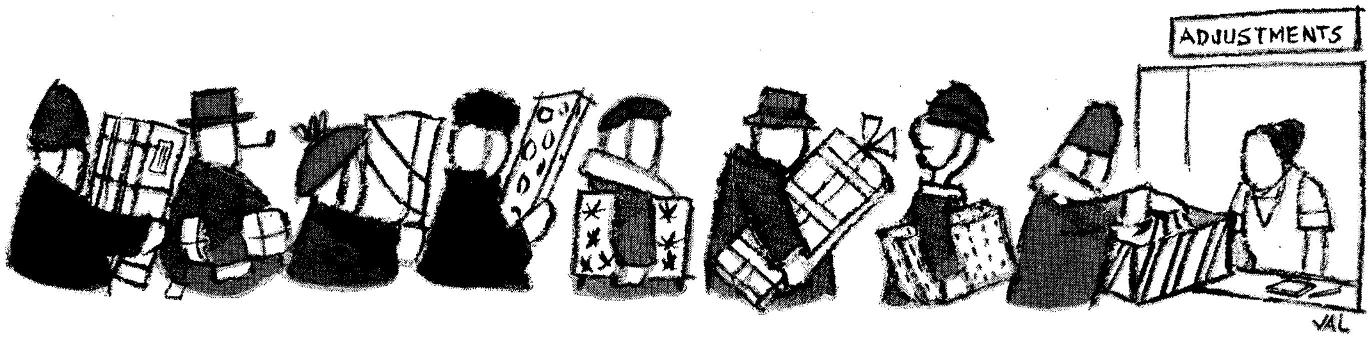
Hans Hofmann—Ten paintings by the late Action painter; through Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hon Chi-fun—Symbolic compositions using Chinese techniques and imagery; through Feb. 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jasper Johns—Drawings; starting Saturday, Jan. 10. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Feb. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Rodger A. Mack—The artist's first one-man show of Abstract bronzes; through Jan. 24.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Eight sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Harry Marinsky—Bronzes and watercolors in which everyday objects are made to seem strange; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

James I. Meyer—Painted sculptures in combinations of aluminum and steel; through Jan. 21. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Natkin—Lyrical abstractions emphasizing color; through Jan. 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Paternosto—Structures of canvas and plywood painted on the front and sides; through Jan. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnome-like figures; starting Tuesday, Jan. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Remenick—Landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, Jan. 13. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Richard Serra—Large objects made of lead; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Frank Stella—Paintings, some of them shaped canvases; starting Saturday, Jan. 10. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a well-known American; through Jan. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sibyl Wilson—Paintings constructed of overlaid strips of canvas; through Jan. 23. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CARAVAN**, 132 E. 65th St.: Puerto Rican *santos;* through Friday, Jan. 9. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists, working in advanced modes; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **CISNEROS**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: A comprehensive collection of graphics by prominent Latin-American artists, among them Tamayo, Cuevas, Siqueiros, Lam, Matta, and Noè; through Feb. 7. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Transmogrification of the hat block—sculptures and objects by Arman, Man Ray, Steinberg, Ossorio, Bearden, Warhol, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: The first gallery showing in New York of Fernando Maza, Naoto Nakagawa, and David Smyth, previously seen in group shows; through Jan. 31. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty French Impressionist paintings and forty nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-lifes; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Works in string and rope, dating from 1913, by such artists as Duchamp, Johns, Miró, Arp, Oldenburg, and Rauschenberg; through Jan. 31. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: An exhibition of folk art inaugurates the new Americana section of the gallery; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by González, Gris, Klee, and Léger; through Jan. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Art produced by light effects, gas pressures, motions, and sounds; through Saturday, Jan. 10.

Sculpture—Works by members of the Sculptors Guild; through Feb. 3. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Environmental situations, to be dismantled at the end of the exhibition, by five individual artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by Alvin D. Loving, Jr., a Detroit artist who has been shown in Afro-American exhibitions; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St.—An exhibit of manuscripts and photographs devoted to the life of Franz Kafka; through Thursday, Jan. 15. (Daily, except Saturdays, 11 to 4, and Wednesdays, 11 to 9.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking, and running concurrently with a show (ending Saturday) at the Morgan Library; through Jan. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—The fourth in a series of exhibits presenting the processes by which contemporary works are created; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Books and manuscripts from Oxford University's Bodleian Library, illustrating the history of that ancient storehouse and the generosity of its benefactors; through Feb. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Landscape drawings by Anna Ticho, an Israeli octogenarian who works exclusively in this medium; through Sunday, Jan. 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Terpsichore's Progress" (umm—that would be the Muse of Dancing), a show of prints tracing the evolution of dance from social pastime to theatrical art; through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifteen etchings by Rembrandt being shown on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death and running concurrently with a similar exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Ninety paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8. . . . ¶ A private collector's hundred and forty drawings, watercolors, and pastels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ The story in images, sounds, and words of the migration of child refugees to Israel and of their life there; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, by six artists, based on photographs and photographic reproductions; through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fourteen black artists from Boston; through Sunday, Jan. 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 7: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8: A new production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Nedda Casei, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, William Walker, and Andrea Velis. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Robert Merrill, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Lucia Popp, Nicolai Gedda, Hermann Prey, Jerome Hines, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 12: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Nedda Casei, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, William Walker, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 13: "Die Zauberflöte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Lucia Popp, Stuart Burrows, Hermann Prey, Jerome Hines, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 14: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Sherrill Milnes, Ezio Flagello, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Colette Boky, Ion Buzea, William Walker, Cesare Siepi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "Die Zauberflöte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Lucia Popp, Nicolai Gedda, Hermann Prey, Jerome Hines, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Ezio Flagello, and Paul Plishka. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting on Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 12, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting performances of Beethoven's "Fidelio" in concert form on Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 16, at 2; Saturday, Jan.

17, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 19, at 7:30 (all with members of the Juilliard American Opera Center).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: A varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: An all-Mahler program, with Helen Watts, contralto.

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—At **PHILHARMONIC HALL:** Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with David Oistrakh, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Valery Klimov, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: David Oistrakh conducting and acting as soloist. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30: Yuri Temirkanov conducting, with Mr. Oistrakh. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30: Yuri Temirkanov conducting, with Raisa Bobrineva, soprano, and Mr. Klimov. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Mr. Cliburn.

Washington National Symphony—Amerigo Marino conducting, with William Kroll, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and John Solum, flute. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30, with Beveridge Webster, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with John Barrows and Paul Ingraham, horn; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and Henry Schuman, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Joanne Bruno, soprano; and the Camerata Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting an all-Beethoven program, with the Beaux Arts Trio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Ensemble Musicale de Buenos Aires—A chamber orchestra that is making its first appearance here. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Carol Smith, alto; Enrico DiGiuseppe, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing a program of music by Heinrich Schütz. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Walter Berry—Baritone, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, the first in a series of three concerts with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, with the Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30, the second in the series of concerts with the orchestra conducted by Mr. Wallenstein.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of the Italian Courts at the end of the Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Jane Carlson—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Bartók Quartet, from Hungary. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus—A recital of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 9.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Sidney Foster—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Aldo Parisot—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

James Oliver Buswell IV and Fernando Valenti—A recital of Bach sonatas for violin and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Note—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 12, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Ike and Tina Turner, Mongo Santamaria, and Fats Domino—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

Santana, James Gang, and Catfish—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

The Doors—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8 and 11, and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 and 10.

SPORTS

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7.

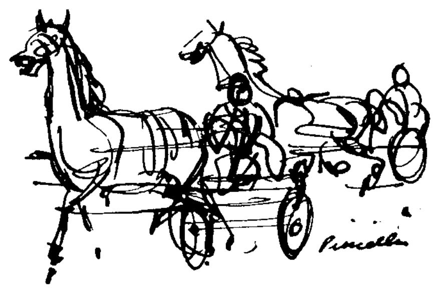
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music from Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," with members of the Juilliard American Opera Center. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . ¶ The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **NANCY COLE PUPPETS:** "Theatre of the Little Hand." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Alice Through the Looking Glass." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . ¶ "Christmas in My Country," a display of paintings done by forty-five children from various countries around the world; through Sunday, Jan. 11. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)



Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Adrienne Rich reading from the poetry of Hayden Carruth and from her own new book, "Leaflets." (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Lecture—"Cultural Heterogeny and the Arts," by Margaret Mead. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 12, at 6:15.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations, together with Oriental rugs; from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 10:15: Books, from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, including incunabula, travel books, and color-plate books, plus drawings by William Blake, H. K. Browne, and George Cruikshank; from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 2: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 9.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Jan. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lodger" (1962), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), with Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "A Damsel in Distress" (1937), with Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 11:30: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 3 and 5:30: "Gunga Din" (1939), with Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Alice Adams" (1935), with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Annie Oakley" (1935), with Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Quality Street" (1937), with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), with Ronald Colman and Irene Rich. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2 and 7: "Giant" (1956), with Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle—Jan. 7: "The Paradine Case" (1947), with Gregory Peck and Ann Todd. . . . ¶ Jan. 8: "Notorious" (1946), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ Jan. 9: "Rebecca" (1940), with Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Jan. 10: "Spellbound" (1945), with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck. . . . ¶ Jan. 11: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), with Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. . . . ¶ Jan. 14-15: "The Devil and Daniel Webster" (1941), with Walter Huston and Edward Arnold. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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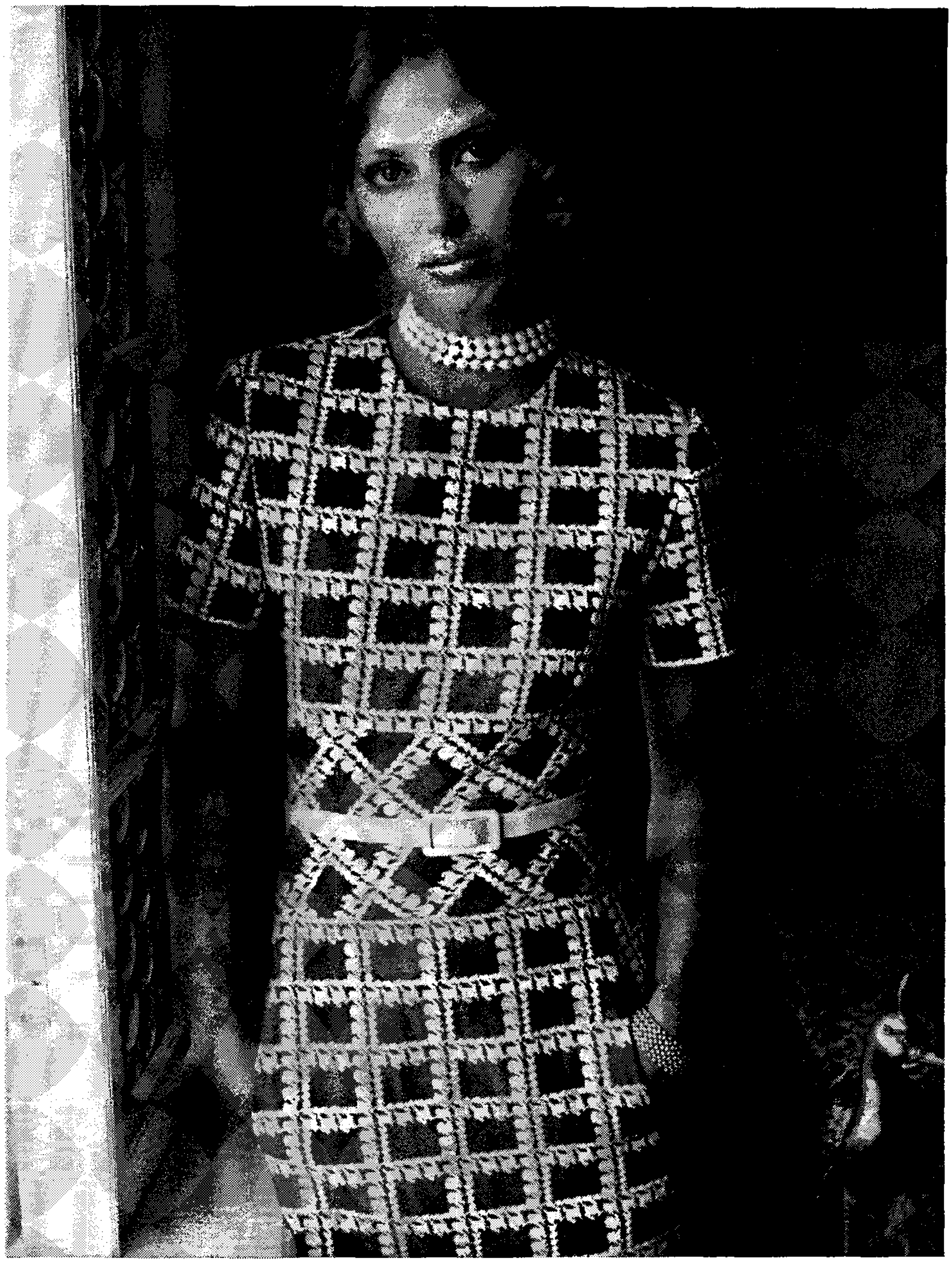


NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15		

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 13.)

The Arrangement—Elia Kazan directed this movie version of his own novel, so there's nobody else to blame. Kirk Douglas plays the advertising man who wants to go straight; Deborah Kerr is his wife, Faye Dunaway his wife-to-be. They have all been better. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Jan. 13.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 8.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 14.)

Blow-Up (1966)—The Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 14.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Cactus Flower—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 8.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—A low-budget film distinguished by the great intensity that Lola Albright brings to the role of a thirtyish stripper who seduces a seventeen-year-old boy and discovers sexual pleasure. It's a kind of tawdry American version of "Devil in the Flesh," but not bad. Directed by Alexander Singer. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 13.)

Coming Apart—Rip Torn is a psychiatrist whose crack-up involves a series of sexual encounters, a few amusing but most of them intended to be "joyless"—and the movie certainly succeeds in making them so. With Sally Kirkland. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; through Jan. 13.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 8-14.)

Downhill Racer—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why* or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Dreams (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 15.)

Easy Rider—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, high-born Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary début film of Barbra Streisand, and one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in recent years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gaily, Gaily—Some marvellous material (from Ben Hecht's past) directed so broadly by Norman Jewison that the whole thing is fairly embarrassing. With Beau Bridges as young Ben, getting his first newspaper job, and Brian Keith as a veteran reporter. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; starting Jan. 9.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Peter O'Toole plays the schoolmaster whose life is transformed by the Cinderella touch of Petula Clark. This version of the James Hilton story has Muzak by Leslie Bricusse. That it survives is a triumph for O'Toole and Herbert Ross, making his début as a director. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hello, Dolly!—The incredible Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 7.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers at their best, in an academic setting. With Thelma Todd as the college widow. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 7.)

If . . . (1969)—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

John and Mary—It's meant to be magical modern romance. There's no magic, but it *is* clever—in a skimpy sort of way. Dustin Hoffman picks up Mia Farrow at a singles bar, and everybody expects them to make box-office music. Peter Yates directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 11-12.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 13.)

Marooned—It's dull out there in space, though not as depressing as listening to the astronauts' wives back home. John Sturges directed the bland cast—Gregory Peck, James Franciscus, Richard Crenna, David Janssen, and others. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service—A good new cliffhanger, and a worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism in this one, and more action, with a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages action sequences terrifyingly well. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Paint Your Wagon—The kind of corny, butch Americana that is said to be healthy—maybe because it's so insensitive. Joshua Logan directed this Lerner-Loewe musical, which, improbable as it sounds, features Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood as a *ménage à trois* in the California Gold Rush. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Port of Call (1948)—About a girl stranded in a harbor city. An untypical Ingmar Bergman film, made when he was being influenced by Rossellini and was experimenting with documentary realism. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 7.)

Putney Swope—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Reivers—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750.)

Saps at Sea (1940)—Those two lovely men, Laurel and Hardy, in a late "gag" comedy that draws on the same kind of material others were using. With James Finlayson and Ben Turpin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 9-15.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this early Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 8-10.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; Gunnar Björnstrand is his atheist squire. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 8-10.)

Sons of the Desert (1933)—Laurel and Hardy at their peak. The title refers to a lodge rather like the Masons, and there is a great convention sequence. With Charley Chase. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 9-15.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. A nice little movie, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 14.)

Summer Interlude (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 7.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Far from taking the money and running, he writes polite holdup notes to bank tellers and argues desperately when they can't read his writing. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework. With Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about Hollywood in the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 13-14.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 8-14. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 14.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 11-12.)

Warrendale (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 14.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—An Ingmar Bergman film with many great moments and great images; Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 15.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 13-14.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 13: **COMING APART.**
From Jan. 14: "What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 13: **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and "It Won't Rub Off, Baby!" (1967), Dick Gregory, Don Murray.
From Jan. 14: **ULYSSES**; and **BEDAZZLED.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 13: **THE LION IN WINTER.**
From Jan. 14: **THE STERILE CUCKOO.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 8: "Three," Charlotte Rampling.
From Jan. 9: **GAILY, GAILY.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
THE REIVERS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Jan. 13: **THE ARRANGEMENT.**
From Jan. 14: "Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots," James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
DOWNHILL RACER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
THE REIVERS.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 13: **COMING APART.**
From Jan. 14: "What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE CIRCUS.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
CACTUS FLOWER.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Jan. 8: **GAILY, GAILY.**
From Jan. 9: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 13: "Passages from Finnegans Wake" (1967), Martin J. Kelley.
From Jan. 14: **WARRENDALE.**

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 13: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From Jan. 14: **THE STERILE CUCKOO.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
EASY RIDER.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 7: **SUMMER INTERLUDE** and **PORT OF CALL** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 8-10: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 11-12: **THE VIRGIN SPRING** and **A LESSON IN LOVE** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 13-14: **WINTER LIGHT** and **THREE STRANGE LOVES** (both in Swedish).
From Jan. 15: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **DREAMS** (both in Swedish).

R K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 13: "Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.
From Jan. 14: "To Commit a Murder," Louis Jourdan, Senta Berger; and "Follow Me," Claude Codgen.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ten Commandments" (1956), Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
MAROONED.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hamlet," Nicol Williamson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
IF . . .; and **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

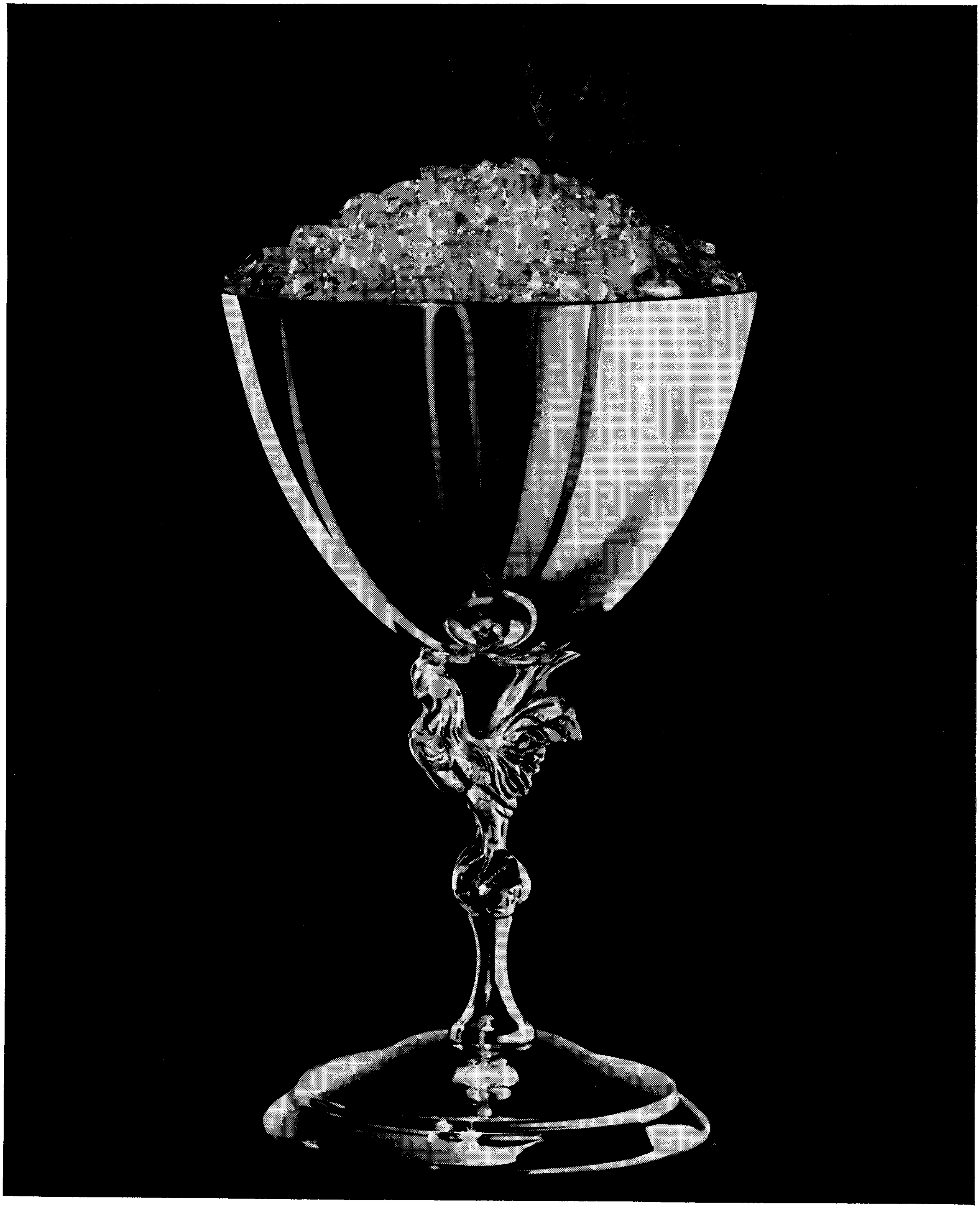
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 8: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From Jan. 9: **GAILY, GAILY.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 7: **HENRY V**; and **HORSEFEATHERS.**
Jan. 8-14: **ULYSSES**; and **CONTEMPT** (in French).
From Jan. 15: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 13: "The Producers" (1968), Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder; and "Isabel" (1968), Genevieve Bujold.
From Jan. 14: **BLOW-UP**; and "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 8: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **LES CARABINIERS** (in French).
Jan. 9-15: **SONS OF THE DESERT**; and **SAPS AT SEA.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

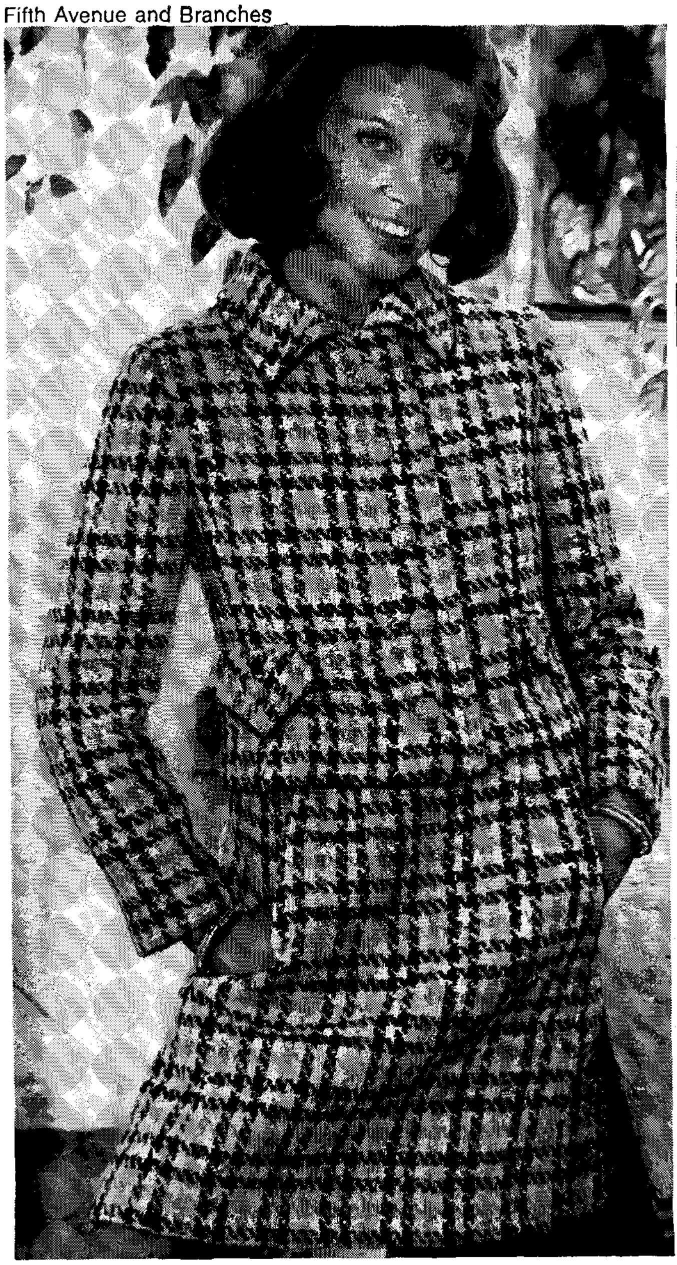


THE COCKTAIL CUP TO COOL A DRINK, WARM A TOAST.
In sterling silver, 4 oz. capacity, 4¾ inches in height, $33.50. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

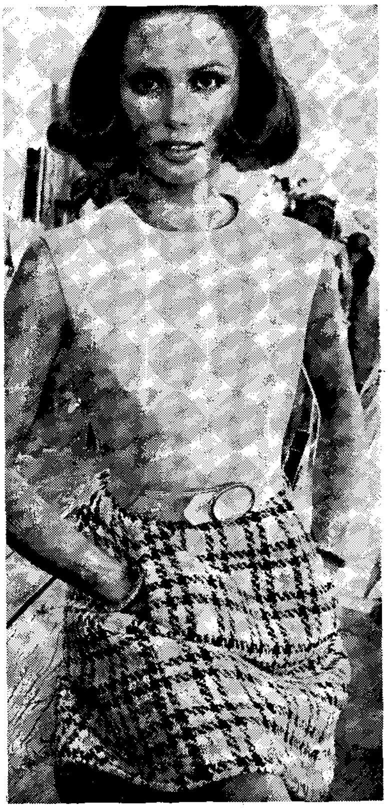
SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 · TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Fifth Avenue and Branches



This dress and jacket sum up the best of all seasons: the good look of wintery tweed, turned out in summery cotton and springy colors. Navy/yellow/white plaid. *6 to 14, 75.00**

*Slightly higher on the West Coast



The yellow bodice and belt, made of linen-like rayon, look as cheery as the summer sun.

Peck & Peck summerizes tweed.
For a certain kind of woman.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

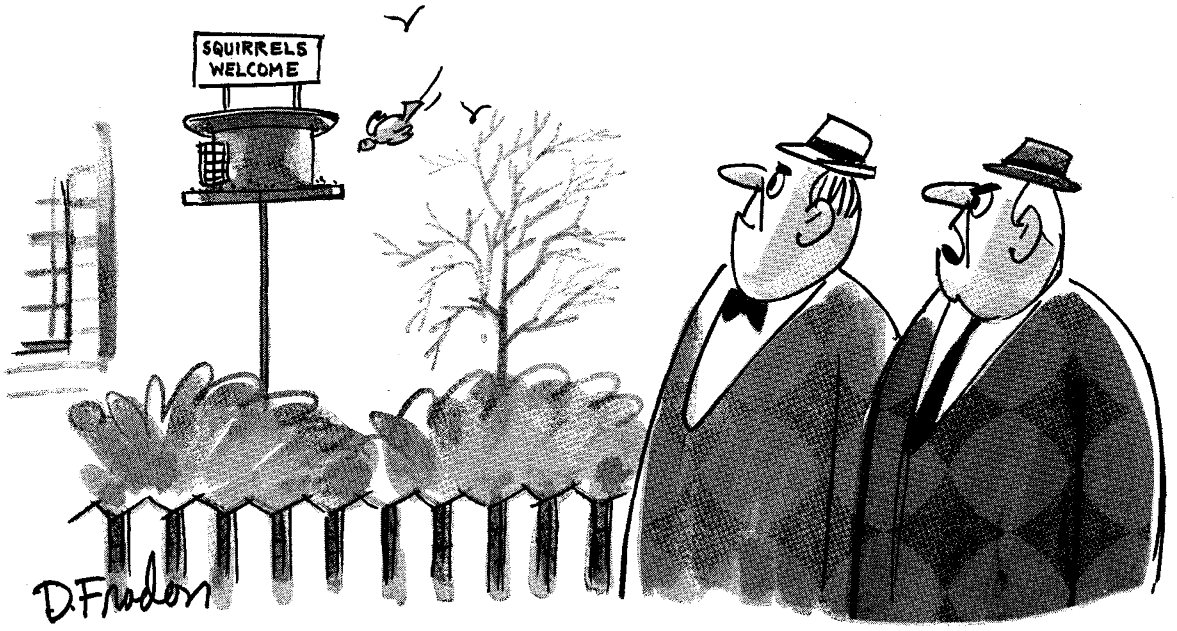
OUT in Akron, Ohio, there is an underground church called Alice's Restaurant, which figures in the most amiable story of the season just past. This group, led by unfrocked priests and unchurched ministers, was doing a deal of earnest good work in a quiet way, all to dramatize and protest the commercialization of Christmas. At shopping centers, for instance, they passed out leaflets calling upon shoppers to limit individual gifts to two-fifty and to devote the overplus to the poor. Then it occurred to one underground churchman, David Bullock by name, to demonstrate the fate that would inevitably befall the Holy Family in a society of heartless abundance. "Joseph and Mary were poor people," Mr. Bullock observed, and he proceeded to devise a scheme that would reveal "what would happen when a poor young couple dressed like Joseph and Mary tried to get a room nearly two thousand years after the birth of Christ." And so it came to pass in those days that Mr. Bullock, in beard and robe, walked out of the cold and darkness of Akron into the lobby of the Downtown Holiday Inn, accompanied by a young woman and a donkey. "I need a room for the night," he told the manager. "My wife is heavy with child." He then filled out the registration form, identifying himself as Joseph of Nazareth, travelling with his wife from Judea. Then he waited. The night manager, Mr. Robert Nagel, affably observed that they had come a long way and handed over the key to Room 101. (*Tableau.*)

We picture Mr. Bullock with the key in his hand, his rented donkey lurking behind him, and his faith in human nature crumbling to the ground. To crown his discomfiture, Mr. Nagel offered the wayfarers a free meal. But, alas, in an era of affluence, satiety, like the indiscriminate rain, is apt to descend upon the just and unjust alike. "We weren't very hungry," Mr. Bullock said later, "so I asked him if we could have some drinks." Then he added, "And you know what? He sent them around." For his own part, Mr. Nagel was under no illusions about the financial standing of his new guests. "I knew they couldn't pay," he said. "I mean, a donkey is not a normal form of transportation." One would like to shake him by the hand. We thank Mr. Nagel for adding immeasurably to the merriment of our Christmas, and for his exhibition of that unpredictable, shrewd, and sometimes highly inconvenient human generosity that makes sweeping moral judgments so risky—even for the most earnest of moralists—and makes life so richly interesting for the rest of us.

Saga

"A Forsyte is not an uncommon animal," says young Jolyon Forsyte in John Galsworthy's novel "The Man of Property." According to young Jolyon (the family rebel, who has recently been resuscitated, along with the rest of that cantankerous clan, through the unlikely medium of a television serial), the true Forsyte is any man who "knows a good thing. . . . His grip on property—it doesn't matter whether it be wives, houses, money, or reputation—is his hallmark." Galsworthy himself, a graduate of Harrow and New College, Oxford, and a non-practicing member of the bar, clearly knew a good thing when he saw it. "The Man of Property," first published in London in 1906, turned out to be the opening section of a trilogy called "The Forsyte Saga," which, in turn, was revealed to be the opening section of a trilogy of trilogies known as the "Forsyte Chronicles." Although these volumes made up but a small part of Galsworthy's enormous literary output—some twenty novels, more than twenty-five plays, innumerable short stories and essays, plus a "Collected Poems"—it was the Forsytes who were largely responsible for the ever-widening chorus of critical acclaim that reached a crescendo in 1932, when Galsworthy was awarded a Nobel Prize for literature. Of course, no true Forsyte ever put much faith in fancy-sounding titles. Far more impressive, in Forsytean terms, were the facts and figures showing that during his lifetime Galsworthy was one of the best-selling authors of the Western world. His American publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, for example, sold about a million Galsworthy volumes. The Nobel laureate's literary reputation—and sales—suffered a disastrous decline shortly after his death, in 1933. True, the basic Forsyte books remained in print—even when, in recent years, annual sales fell as low as two thousand. And there were occasional flurries of renewed interest, as in 1949, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brought out a movie entitled "That Forsyte Woman," starring Greer Garson, which grossed a perfectly respectable three million eight hundred thousand dollars. Such windfalls, however, were in the nature of long-deferred dividends, rather than an index of the underlying health of the Galsworthy corpus. Then, in 1967,

R. MacMillan



"Liberals!"

• •

the British Broadcasting Corporation decided to turn the first six volumes of the "Chronicles" into a twenty-six-chapter serial for literate adults, and before you could say "three-per-cent consols" the Forsyte business was booming again.

All the facts and figures associated with the revival have a solid ring to them. The B.B.C. has admitted to production costs of two hundred and sixty thousand pounds (approximately seven hundred thousand dollars), not counting royalties paid to M-G-M for the TV rights. The script contains three hundred thousand words of dialogue; there are a hundred and twenty speaking parts, roughly a third of which can be considered major; and the entire series, under the name of "The Forsyte Saga," has already been seen, or is scheduled for broadcast, in forty-two countries, including the Soviet Union (dubbed) and the United States. In England itself, the serial attracted some seventeen million viewers, who gathered religiously around the telly each Sunday evening—the word "religiously" being unavoidable in this context, since the broadcasts overlapped the hour of the traditional evening service in English churches, and apparently appealed to much the same audience. A controversy sprang up between the Men of God and the Men of Media over who ought to be preëmpted by whom. Those Men of God who decided to stand on principle saw church attendance fall off drastically, which prompted some of their colleagues to take a more pragmatic view. Canon Ernest Corbell, of Diss, Norfolk, explained his reasons for rescheduling vespers in these words: "I am not saying that worship is less important than television, but there is no reason why we cannot enjoy both." Meanwhile, Galsworthy's name was heard once more across the book counters of the nation, with nearly one and three-quarter million volumes sold in the last three years.

On this side of the Atlantic, the three major commercial networks turned down the opportunity to purchase "The Forsyte Saga," presumably because they saw no profit in a literate situation drama set in Victorian and Edwardian England, and filmed in stylish but unostentatious black-and-white. As a result, National Educational Television, the non-profit public network, was able to pick up the serial for the bargain price of a hundred and forty thousand dollars. On Sunday, October 5, 1969 (at 9 P.M. Eastern Time and Mountain Time, and 8 P.M. Central Time and Pacific Time), N.E.T. fed the first episode to its hundred and sixty-seven affiliated stations, ranging from WNDT, Channel 13, in New York, to KVZK, Channel 2, in Pago Pago, American Samoa. Audience response, while hardly on the British scale so far, has been impressive. According to a spot survey commissioned by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which is helping to underwrite the costs of the broadcasts, Chapter 5, "A Man of Property," "captured" about three per cent of all television sets turned on in four major cities during its allotted time. This figure would hardly warrant a footnote in the regular Neilsen ratings, but for N.E.T., which is accustomed to thinking of its prime-time audience in percentage points of a percentage point, it is considered a breakthrough. The fan mail, which has been brisk, indicates that the Forsyte Phenomenon may be that rarest of twentieth-century American phenomena, an *over*-thirty cult. One octogenarian expressed his gratitude by saying, "It brings back many happy hours of my youth." Another viewer suggested that a suitable followup might be a serial based on Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks." A lady in Vermillion, South Dakota, described her successful campaign to persuade her friends to join in her Sunday-night "vigils": "I introduced them to the Forsytes with tea and sherry parties, and they've shared my enthusiasm ever since." And a correspondent in Millburn, New Jersey, sent to Channel 13 a subscription check with this comment: " 'The Forsyte Saga' presentation makes [the enclosed check] imperative. What a wonderful thing to do for this country, particularly at this unsettled time."

The impact of all this raw sentiment on the book market here is just beginning to be felt. Scribners has dusted off its old Forsyte properties and expects to have three hundred thousand copies in print by the end of the month. The novels are available separately in paperback for a dollar ninety-five apiece, or in hard-cover at ten dollars per trilogy. Full royalties are being paid to the Galsworthy estate on all titles—even on "The Man of Property," which passed into the public domain in this country in 1966. To no one's surprise, midtown bookshops like Brentano's, Womrath, and Scribners' own retail outlet are reporting unusually heavy demand, especially from middle-aged women, while campus stores like the Yale and Harvard Co-ops have found almost no interest among undergraduates. And, speaking a language that any Forsyte could understand, the night clerk at the East Side Book Store, on St. Mark's Place—whose clientele has been snapping up Abbie Hoffman's

"Woodstock Nation"—reports that, as far as he is concerned, Galsworthy is "a stiff." He hasn't sold one copy in two months.

Camaraderie

A MAN we know was riding in a taxi down Lexington Avenue one icy night last week and noticed that his driver was a young fellow with very long hair. The cab stopped for a light, and our friend had just begun to think about the large number of young men with long hair he has lately seen driving cabs around town when a car behind skidded into the rear of his cab. The young driver uttered the expected niceties, muttered something about "Wait'll I get my hands," and hopped swiftly out of the cab, prepared for battle. The skiddy car turned out to be another cab, operated by a young fellow with very long hair. The two drivers walked slowly toward each other, pale hirsute warriors in the cold light of a street lamp. They sized each other up for a brief moment, quietly shook hands, climbed back into their cabs, and drove off. Our friend is still pleased about the matter.

Travel Plans

THE American Geographical Society's annual dinner at the St. Regis-Sheraton Roof proceeded from the usual greetings of its president, Dr. Serge A. Korff, through awards of honorary fellowships and medals to distinguished geographers, to an address by the evening's speaker, Dr. Robert Jastrow, director of the Institute for Space Studies of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center. The title of the talk was "The Apollo Missions," but Dr. Jastrow went on from a discussion of the moon to a discussion of the live-in prospects on Mars (quite promising; colonies likely), on Jupiter and Saturn (prognosis poor; their gravities would crush us), on Venus and Mercury (ditto; either too hot or too cold), and, beyond the solar system, on the stars. "The bridge that separates us from the stars is impassable," he said, and remarked:

> The closest star visible in the Northern Hemisphere, Barnard's Star . . . is thirty-six trillion miles away. If we could travel at the speed of light—a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second—we would need six years to reach it, and at today's rocket speeds the trip would take a hundred thousand years. The nearest star to the sun—Alpha Centauri, visible only in the Southern Hemisphere—is not much closer. Most of the other one hundred billion stars in the Milky Way are hundreds or thousands of times more distant.

To a space scientist, apparently, the word "impassable" does not mean "impossible." "Is there no way in which we can reach these remote objects?" Dr. Jastrow asked, and continued, "I can think of four ways in which we can cross that gap."

For the first of these, he invoked something he called the matter-antimatter annihilator:

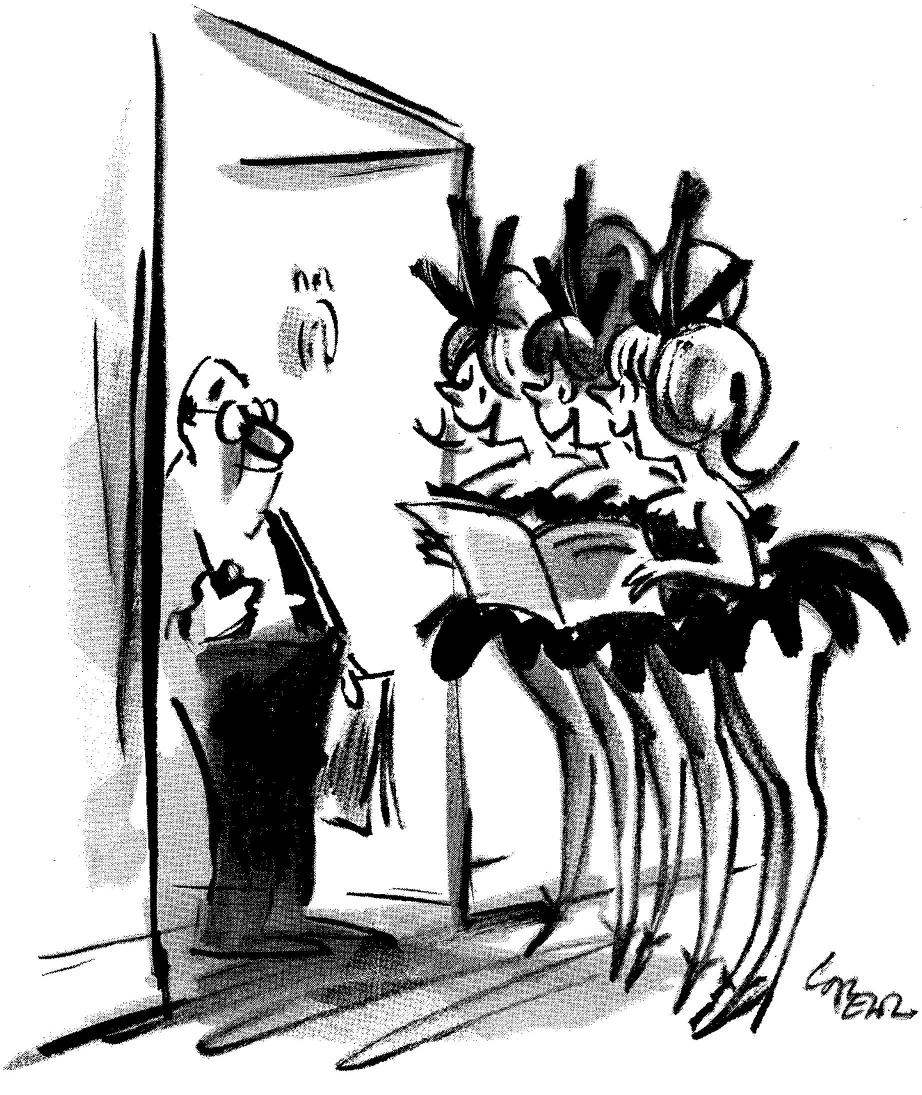
> We know from laboratory experiments that antimatter and matter, brought into close contact, annihilate one another in a burst of energy containing the equivalent of their entire rest mass. This complete conversion of matter to energy satisfies the basic fuel requirement for interstellar travel. If copious quantities of antimatter can be manufactured on the earth and combined with matter at a controlled, steady rate, we will have a rocket engine capable of approaching the speed of light. This achievement is so far beyond the limits of nuclear technology that its realization must be regarded as hundreds, if not thousands, of years in the future.

For the second, he adduced the deep freeze:

> If medical research conquers the problem of suspended animation for humans, space travellers may pass hundreds or thousands of years in frozen sleep, ageless, drifting through the cosmos in an automated spacecraft. When the craft approaches its destination, the travellers will be awakened by a computer. After completing their survey, they will head back to earth, sleeping again until they are awakened to step out into a world bearing little resemblance to the one they left hundreds of centuries earlier.

For the third, he adduced terminal germination:

> It may be possible to transport germ cells—sperm and ova—which could be combined in artificial wombs, under computer direction, as the craft entered the alien solar system toward the end of its journey, so that full-grown crew members



"We're here to tell you, Mr. Trull,
That at this last year's end
Your hedged and balanced go-go fund
Declares a dividend."

would be ready to explore the new planet on arrival.

For the fourth, he conjured up the space ark:

> At the present rate of progress in rocket technology, in a few hundred years we should be able to build giant space arks, the size of the Queen Mary, which would be self-sustaining and able to maintain life for an indefinite period, replenishing their depleted energy supplies periodically by "fuel stops" at a succession of stars on the way to their destinations. These arks would be miniature earths, growing their own food and carrying with them the culture of the parent civilization. Generations would be born, live, and die on the way to a distant star.
>
> The population of each ark might number some hundreds or thousands of men and women. Life would be full for everyone, and each person would have a demanding task to perform in this micro-society. The survival of the ark would depend on qualities that are held in great esteem by society today. Emotional stability, tact, and a high level of coöperation would be well regarded in the confined world of the space ark.

"Would anyone be eager to accept such missions, knowing that he never would see the earth again?" Dr. Jastrow asked. His answer was a resounding yes:

> Judging by the past, there is little doubt that people would. From the ancient Greeks to the American pioneers, the history of exploration has been in large measure a history of men who struck out on dangerous and arduous journeys to settle unknown worlds, with no expectation of ever returning to their homes.

Stimulated by these prophecies, we struck out, a few days later, on a journey to the Institute for Space Studies building, at 112th Street and Broadway. We found the director, who is a boyish-looking man in his middle forties, in a large room on the seventh floor containing a big blackboard covered with equations. "We're the long-haired part of NASA," he said. "We have a staff of a hundred and eighty—mostly theoretical physicists. We work on the origin of the universe and the physics of the moon, but our more immediate, bread-and-butter work relates to weather forecasting—finding the causes of weather disturbances which will lead us to long-range weather predictions. These blackboard equations govern the motions of the atmosphere. They make simple statements in a symbolic form. We run them off in our computer, downstairs. The program started in Washington, in 1958, but in 1961 I persuaded my bosses in NASA to transfer it to New York, because there are more universities here. Our proximity to Columbia is an advantage. I teach there, and some of my colleagues teach there and at New York University, Stony Brook, Yeshiva, and City University. We recruit astronomy and atmospheric-sciences Ph.D.s from those places. We have a rotating pool of around twenty National Academy of Sciences Fellows, including foreigners, who are assigned to us. They come and go. We help them find places to live."

We mentioned his interstellar suggestions at the Geographical Society dinner, and he said he was incorporating them in a book he is working on. "Our planet will soon be a very small speck in our own eyes," he said. "We will move out in the solar system and beyond it. The long-term challenge for innovation lies off this planet. We'll be off the solar system in less than a thousand years. I think curiosity will become overwhelming. Would you like to see our computer?"

Dr. Jastrow presented us with a copy of a book he has written, "Red Giants and White Dwarfs: The Evolution of Stars, Planets, and Life," which has sold a hundred thousand hard-cover copies, and another hundred thousand in paperback, and we followed him to the elevator.

Hunting the Egress

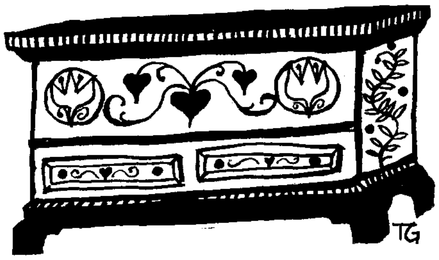
JUST plain getting out of places these days poses special problems that know no boundaries. A much-travelled friend writes from a Bangkok hotel that a sign attached to two vertical wooden bars on the metal grille of his veranda reads

PUSHING
THESE TWO
WHITE BARS
HARDLY
WILL MAKE
AN
EMERGENCY
EXIT

Long-Winded Lady

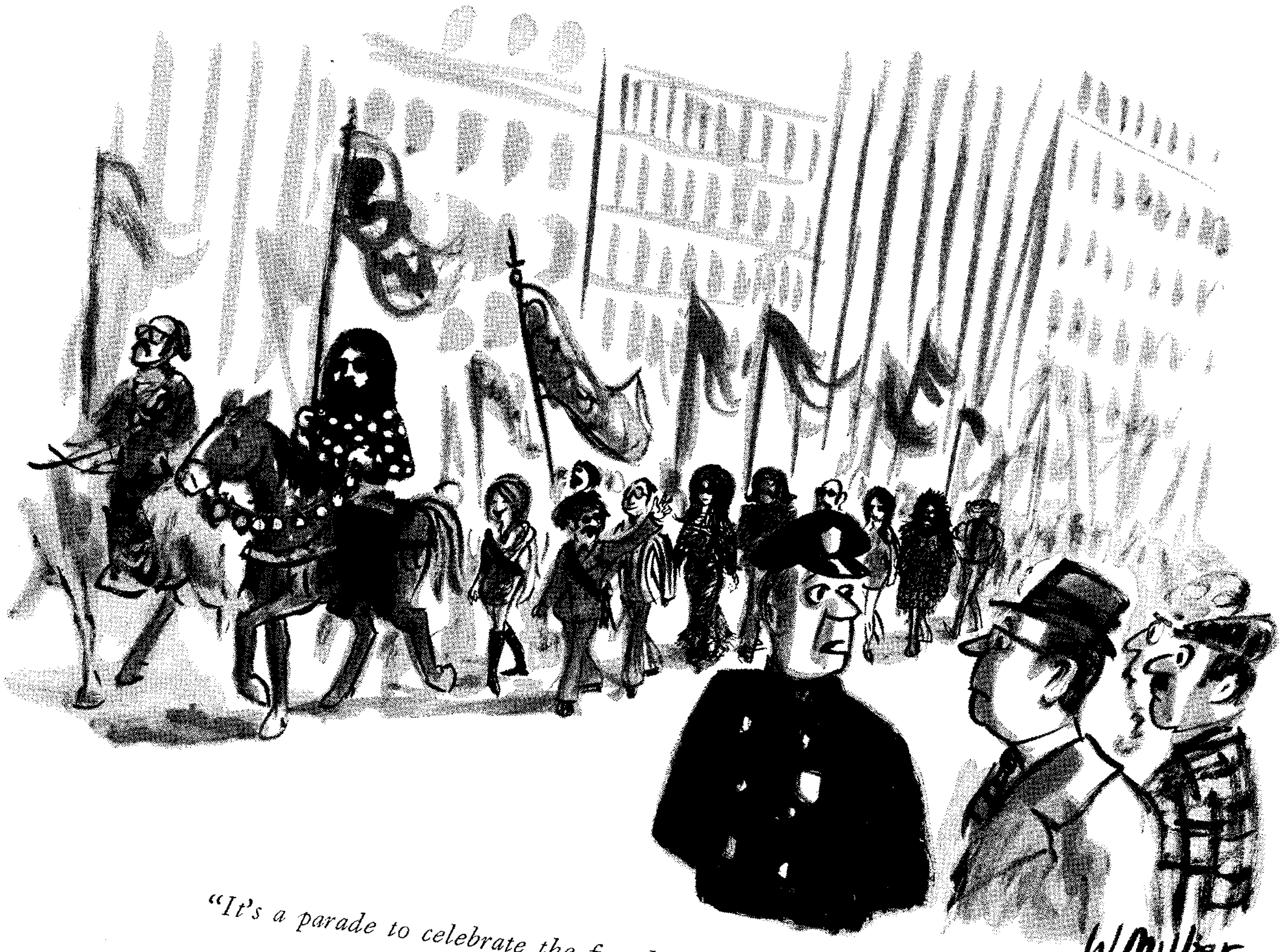
WE have received the following communication from the long-winded lady:

"Tonight, I stood on the traffic island in the middle of Broadway at Forty-fifth Street and watched a respectably dressed middle-aged woman sing 'Bei Mir Bist Du Schön' at the top of her lungs to an audience she alone could see. She was blind drunk, and from the sullen expression on her face I would say she wasn't enjoying herself much. Her face was dark red, and on her short gray-black hair she wore a tiny hat of navy-blue felt trimmed with stiff net. She hadn't enough breath to belt out the song, as she was trying to do, so she screamed the words in a hoarse voice that was colored more by bitterness and defiance than by music, but she kept good time with her umbrella, which she held high, pointed at the hoarding over the marquee of the Astor Theatre. Her hand seemed a lot steadier on the umbrella than her feet were on the ground, and as she sang and waved she did little bumps and grinds with a desperate coquetry that shamed her matronly dress and the sensible black shoes she wore. The last word of each line was a high point:



'"*Bei mir bist du schön*"
Means that you're *grand,*
"*Bei mir bist du schön*" . . .
It means you're the fairest
in the *land*.'

There were thousands of people on the street. It was just past seven o'clock, and Broadway was well into the evening phase of her everlasting rush hour. The sidewalks were so jammed that you wouldn't think there was room for one more pair of feet, and on each side of the traffic island the cars raced by, going downtown, speeding for the Battery with the green light all the way, it seemed. But the traffic island was very solid, and even seemed quiet and in darkness, as though the roar and the blazing lights and the frantic movement all around had swallowed it up and made it invisible. There were three of us waiting there besides the drunken woman, but we stood on the safe part, where the cement base of the island widens out to form a little platform, and she was balanced on the narrow runway outside the low cement wall of the "flower bed," where bits of shrubbery wither in a small wasteland of tin cans and wine bottles and dirty scraps of cloth and paper. It seemed she must either fall forward under the wheels of the cars or fall backward into the rubbish, but she kept her feet somehow. Her umbrella (of beige silk, to match her gloves) was very long and thin and excessively pointed, and her manner with it was vigorous. There was a lot of punch in



"It's a parade to celebrate the first National Now People Week."

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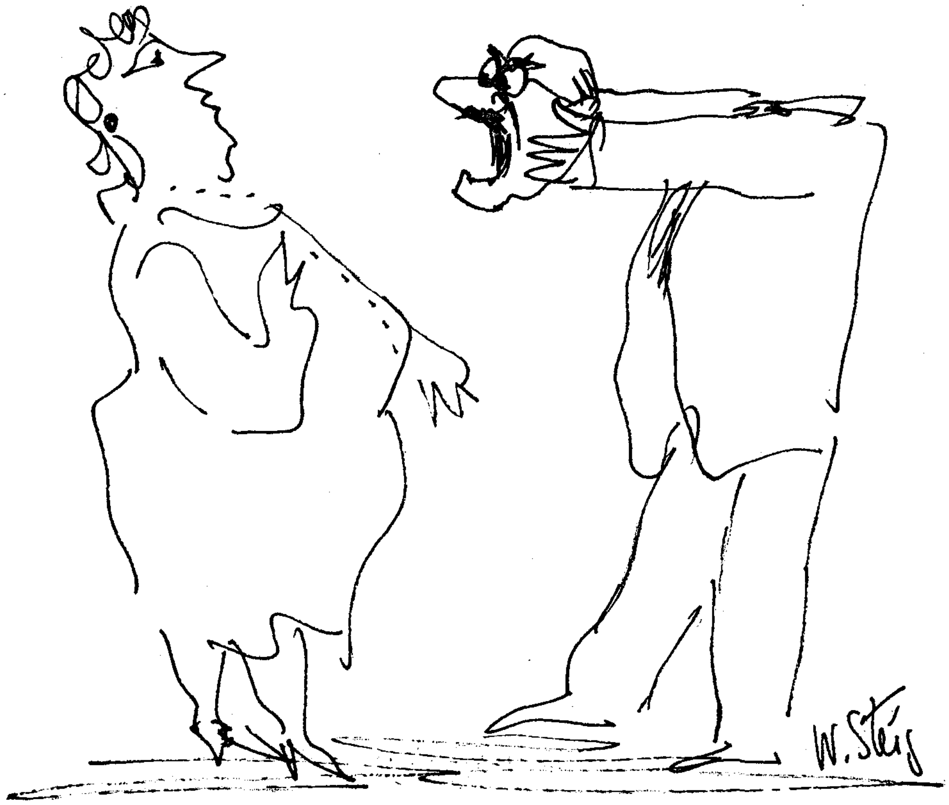
the way she waved it. The three of us standing on the island with her were just as much afraid of her as we were afraid for her. We just stood and watched her and wished the light would change, so that we might all be released from our oasis. I had seen her a few minutes earlier, on the east side of Broadway, near Forty-eighth Street. We walked alongside each other there for a minute, pressed together by the great crowd. It was a night to be outside. There was that curious feeling along Broadway of walking through darkness while being transfixed by lights that are too bright and not friendly. Those powerful storefront lights and cinema lights are meant for merchandise, not for human beings, and as we pushed along there the deep-dyed neon rays of red and green and blue and white gave each face in the crowd a family likeness, so we all seemed to be related—dubious, discolored copies of one another. I first noticed the woman next to me because of the exhausted way she put her feet to the ground, and when I looked at her face I saw that she was drunk, but although she didn't seem conscious of the people around her she didn't seem lost.

She seemed to know where she was, all right, as though she took the same route every night on her way home from work. She had a dull, sad face, the face of a derelict who is able to recognize only what is hateful to her, and which would change in sobriety only to grow watchful and, so, harder. She looked about fifty-five. Her figure was heavy in her navy-blue winter coat, and she carried a huge black leather handbag with a copy of the *Post* fitted into its side pocket. As soon as I saw an opening in the wall of backs ahead of me, I hurried forward, and I didn't see the woman again until she appeared on the edge of the traffic island and began to sing. When the light changed at last, the car that drew up alongside her was a taxi, and as soon as it stopped she slammed her umbrella down flat on the top of it and began staring in at the driver. He prudently raised his arm and grabbed the umbrella and held it tight against the top of the cab, so that she couldn't lift it or pull it free. 'Come on, lady,' he said. He was grinning, but he looked worried. I crossed over to the sidewalk and went along to the bookshop next door to the waxworks museum. It is really not a bookshop but a high-ceilinged cavern stocked with posters and pennants and buttons and all the queer objects manufacturers devise for sale as souvenirs. At the back, there is a small book section, with cheap sets of the classics, and popular works on psychology, and paperbacks. I looked until I found a Dorothy Sayers. I took my time, because I didn't want to go outside and see that woman again. When I finally went out, there was no sign of her. She was gone, or if she was nearby she was quiet. At any rate, she was no longer in her place on the traffic island. I wonder about her, and how she came to be helpless like that in public. I wonder at the power of her nightmare—that it could wait for years and then trap her when she was finding her way home. I wonder how much of all this she will remember tomorrow. Not much, I think. Kind memory will fail her to save her for another day. She will say, 'Oh, what a blackout I had last night!' I think that by tomorrow she will have quite forgotten the dangers she survived and the adventures she made for herself on her way home tonight."

THE DEATH-DEFYING TARTONIS

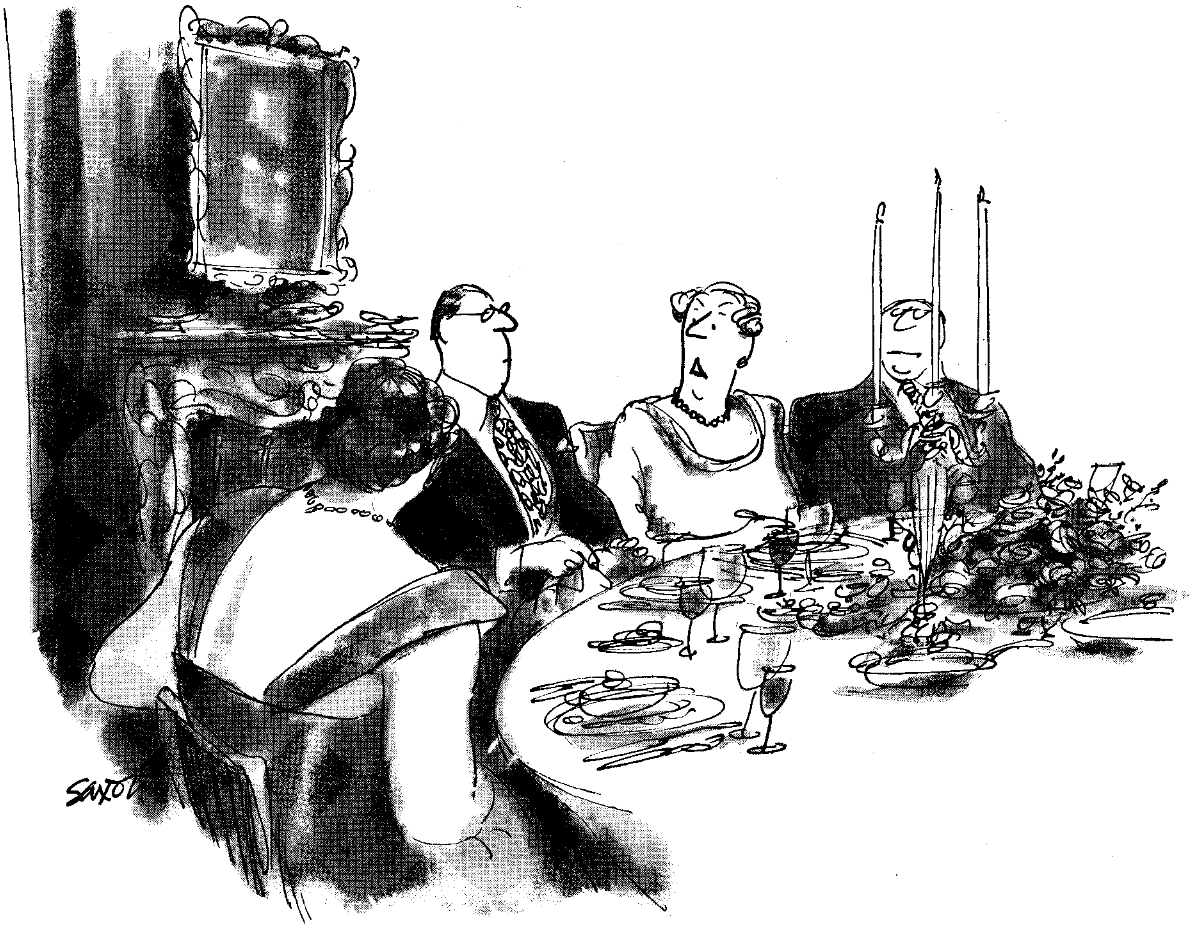
I GO out first now. It is a position that I am not used to in some hair-thin secret chamber on the inside of the calves of my legs, and there perhaps I will never be used to it. Perhaps no one capable of assuming the position and surviving would ever grow used to it in every part of himself. Still, I have hopes. But given the assumptions on which I base the rest of my life, including its defiance, as they say, of death, it behooves me to conceal this truth—of my not yet being wholly accustomed to my position—from the others. To whom in any event it could never be completely and continuously (because of course it is alive) and luminously communicated, so that it would not, could not, contribute to their enlightenment but merely to their disturbance. I would do as well, in fact, to conceal it even from myself if I had not, during the past months and years, learned to control this stubborn refusal to be accustomed, this irreducible reluctance to regard my naked position as the first rider, as though it were a part of nature. Is it, in fact? But does nature defy death? I would do as well also not to ask such questions during the performance. The mind never despairs of escaping its own controls even if the escape can take no form except death itself.

I go out first now. It has been two and a half, nearly three years. Four years since I began to rehearse the position. I roll the front wheel onto the wire eighty feet above the ground, with nothing below it except dark air. Dark in our eyes despite the floodlights. I feel on my shoulders the feet in their tights. I feel the muscles in the arches of the feet contract a little. This helps me. More of my mind returns from somewhere to lend its shoulder, to hold us up. I go out only a foot or two. We go out, for they have all assembled behind me. Behind me and above me—but at this point I must not think of them as being above me. I am not sure why. It would not help. We go out only a foot or two, very slowly, as though the front wheel were groping its way along the wire to make sure it continued. At about the point where my foot on the pedal would be clearing the platform (I imagine, for obviously I do not look to see) and there is nothing under the pedal but that darkness of which the rubber of the pedal is in truth a reflection, I stop. Even more slowly we go back to the platform. They help, from behind me. And for most of two minutes we appear to be adjusting something, arranging something which, if we had not happened to notice it, would have meant certain death for all of us. We make a great display of maintaining outward calm, of showing nothing to the audience, of not betraying that anything is wrong. Those above do not even climb down but stand there the whole time with their poles, staring straight ahead, which has been found most fitting. An assistant appears to be busying himself about us. We make use of this—in fact, very difficult—moment to breathe, deliberately but not in time, blinking our eyes at the top of each inhalation, at the bottom of each exhalation, until the moment when we must forget our breathing again and give ourselves solely to what we are doing. By then the announcer far below us is announcing our act for the second time, his voice appearing to show a touch of concern, as though our false start were not a part of the act but something unforeseen, unprecedented, and incalculable in its results. He is announcing us again but of course we do not hear it, for by then we are far advanced in our act, its silence, its echoes. Again I move forward, the feet gripping my shoulders, gripping tighter as the back wheel, too, leaves the platform and the whole bicycle is out on the wire, the front wheel laying itself down inch by inch like a snail.



The wire. We call it a wire out of tradition rather than regard for accuracy. To be exact, it is a metal cable of about the diameter of an ordinary candle, enveloped over its whole length by a layer of soft rubber between an eighth and a quarter of an inch in thickness. The rubber layer has been specially applied by hand, for it is important that the bond between it and the cable should be perfect and should remain perfect. It must not slip. The outside of the rubber contains not a coating but an admixture of sharp sand of different degrees of coarseness, which must have been made into an integral part of the rubber layer for as long as the wire fills its present role. It would be better to have no sand at all than sand that might work loose and roll out. Or even just work loose. This is one of the things for which the wire is examined, inch by inch, after each performance. If a single grain of sand shows signs of independent movement, though it may be nothing more definable than the first movements of a child's tooth, the whole wire is set aside—at least for repair. Naturally, when it is set up the wire is anchored to keep it from swaying.

And the bicycles. It seems hardly necessary to point out that they are not ordinary bicycles either, although everything (except that they are entirely covered with chrome, apart from the handgrips, pedals, and seats) has been arranged to make them suggest the most commonplace of contempo-



"It seems to me that you've simply got to be for or against sex these days."

• •

rary wheels—the low balloon-tired sort that used to be won by selling magazine subscriptions door to door. But ours are almost as light as imported racing models. Even the girls carry theirs into the arena themselves, before the front wheels are hooked to a rope and one after the other the bicycles fly alone, straight up to the platform. (It may be their favorite moment in the whole act.) There they lean against their handlers and wait. Speed would be meaningless to these constructions. But the conveyance of power from the pedal to the rear wheel is far more sensitive than it is in ordinary bicycles, for one thing. For another, the tires are not completely round but are molded with a very slight longitudinal concavity, barely noticeable when the wheels are suspended or when the bicycle is standing by itself. At such moments this conformation appears as nothing more than a flatness in the crown of the tire, scored with secondary grooves, also running lengthwise, and a tertiary hatchwork in a triangular scale pattern reminiscent of a sharkskin. A recurrent pattern—but the shark, after all, is a professional survivor. It is only when the bicycle wheel is placed on the wire, on the platform, and the weight of the rider and then the additional weight of the others presses the tire down onto the sanded envelope of the cable that the tire yields at the crown sufficiently to produce a groove, which runs the full length of the contact. A shallow grip. Of course each bicycle is very slightly different from the others, the result of endless adjustments, some of them conceived in the small hours of the night.

So I go out first, and the image of the front wheel laying itself down like a snail did not come to me by chance. We are used to leaving nothing to chance, insofar as possible—or so we have to believe, though of course chance, chance itself, is probably not even limited by our efforts. But in any case how often that snail has appeared to me in dreams. Since I was a child. Since the days of my first slow wheel. I watched him ("him," of course, hence the intimacy of my reservations, the ready and yet awed identification) set out calmly, as though I did not exist, as though my decisions, all the rest of me and what became of all the rest of me, were eventualities too remote for him to believe in. I have called to him in dreams and said, "Look, it's me!" But nothing. No response. Thank heaven. For I believe now that if there had been anything of the kind he would have lost some innate certainty, or I would have come to doubt it, and we would all have plunged, long since, into the abyss that awaits us everywhere.

I have allowed my mind to run at times (but never during a performance; never when I was touching the bicycle) on his ability to proceed equally well along the side of a wire, or underneath it, for that matter. I have dwelt with satisfaction on the image of him climbing smooth walls, crossing ceilings, negotiating intricate joints in rafters, or elaborate knots, at a great height. I have had dreams in which he disappeared—yes, disappeared, and in the course of crossing the wire in the usual way. I was the shell, or rather the bicycle and I together were the shell, or rather the bicycle and I and all the rest of us were the shell and we were suddenly filled with a weightlessness that bore no relation to anything we had practiced. There we hung, a case enclosing a coil of nothing, balancing as well as we could now that we were deprived of movement and had nothing at our center, until a tiny upward breath swept us off into the void. Naturally I have remained silent about any such images of my own. As my fellow-performers have done with theirs, if they have any, as no doubt they do.

SO I go out first but it has not always been so. I am not the oldest; no, I am really one of the younger members of what is known, for reasons of remote pathos, as the family. Behind me the front wheel of Claudio's bicycle follows the rear wheel of mine with only a few inches between them and nothing maintaining the distance except Claudio's foot on his pedal. Claudio is eight years older than I am and wears a dark reddish toupee for the act. Tartoni is his real name. And yet he has confided to me that if he had not been put to the act so young—as we all were—he might never have chosen it. He cannot be certain, but he might never have chosen it. It was one of those confidences probably forgotten almost immediately by the person who makes them, and I am sure that the thought has seldom if ever recurred to him. Claudio says very little and buys magazines about animals and nature when we have any time in a city. He is heavier than I am, heavier than any of us, but his tights always fit with wrinkles. For years, ever since I began to practice going out first, I have tried not to listen to his breathing.

It was once suggested that Claudio should go out first, but the thought troubled him and the idea was dropped.

Behind Claudio's bicycle comes the carefully braked front wheel of his younger brother, Rafael. Rafael married Marisa two years ago, after living with her for nearly three. He is much slighter than Claudio, blond, quicker but more nervous. He worries about money. He worries about the future of the act. He reads all the papers and discourses upon them to the rest of us, usually without anyone else entering a comment. Rafael needs an abdominal operation, but we hope it will wait until the end of the season, because the formation as we practice it now allows of no alternatives.

Behind Rafael's bicycle comes his cousin Marcantonio's. Marcantonio's mother was born a Tartoni but tried to escape the whole world of the wire by marrying outside it. Perhaps because she had never known anyone except those who performed on the wire, she chose unfortunately. The marriage was brief and wretched; she herself returned, with her child, to the familiar circumstances. Not as a performer (she had never had the temperament) but as a dresser, old before her time, controlling her pessimism with an uncertainty that led us all to keep our distance from her. Yet allowing her son to be brought up as a cyclist—her own attempt to escape the wire had exhausted her belief in such a possibility. And Marcantonio avoided her more studiously than anyone, going so far as to have his tights made and repaired by someone else. And though the differences between our performances are almost immeasurable, it is my opinion that Marcantonio is the most reliable and sturdy of us all.

Last comes Cesare, gaunt, sinewy, and no more their brother than I am. He is the son of a trapeze artist who was killed when Cesare was very small. There was no one to train him in his father's act, but Carla Tartoni, the mother of the cyclists behind me, who died last year, brought him up as a matter of course and he was put to the wire at the same age as the rest of us. His passion is dancing and he is in love with a girl who has nothing to do with any act at all, which in itself has always been thought rather unlucky. She has never seen him perform and refuses to read the reviews of our act in the newspapers.

The feet on my shoulders belong to Augusta, one of the younger daughters. Younger than I am, and pretty. We grew up together. For a brief time

HULL BAY, ST. THOMAS

We come, with a busload of children, nervous from the heat, down
through lush vegetation green from recent rain,

Down from Drake's Seat, from which the explorer must have seen the
other Virgin Islands as they are now, perched below him
in blue-green water—

Past palmetto, banana, and brown-podded flamboyant, down to cool,
yellow-brown sand under a mango tree;

And the children flee from the bus and fan out, a scattering
of hot seed, over the sand;

Come to a scene straight from an old print, black rocks jumbled
and jutting ahead into the sky,

A full red sun setting slightly to the left of the rocks, the bay
fringed with a steady surf, dark above, white beneath,

Spray flung back at the far corners of blue-black rock amid an
unravelling of pink clouds;

And all that is missing is a high-prowed frigate anchored in the
foreground, sails furled, its armored captain stepping
daintily into his boat.

The children, lost sight of like the absent frigate, find
their own abandoned boat high on the sand under the mango
and tumble over its gun-gray gunwales like exhausted birds;

Their cries are muffled by the sound of birds sweeping through
the air, gliding slowly in, plopping on to the water,

Pelicans with ludicrous long beaks like tilted shears, or, half-
opened, like garden trowels escaped from the hands of a
mad gardener,

Pelicans circling, diving—one, two, three at a time—the
silly beak become a blade,

A surgeon's scalpel, expertly wielded, cutting through the
delicate green flesh of the water right to the fish below—

Past the snorkeler who comes up gasping for air in the agitated
water—

Beak, body, wings spelling out proudly U-O-M—as Dante saw it written—
MAN in his own language—unmistakably and violently
on the air,

While the children stare from their boat as from a Russian sleigh,
the darkening sand blown before them like snow,

The sun, askew, a blob of red quickly cut from Christmas paper,
the prow of the boat dividing nothing but the oncoming night.

—William Jay Smith

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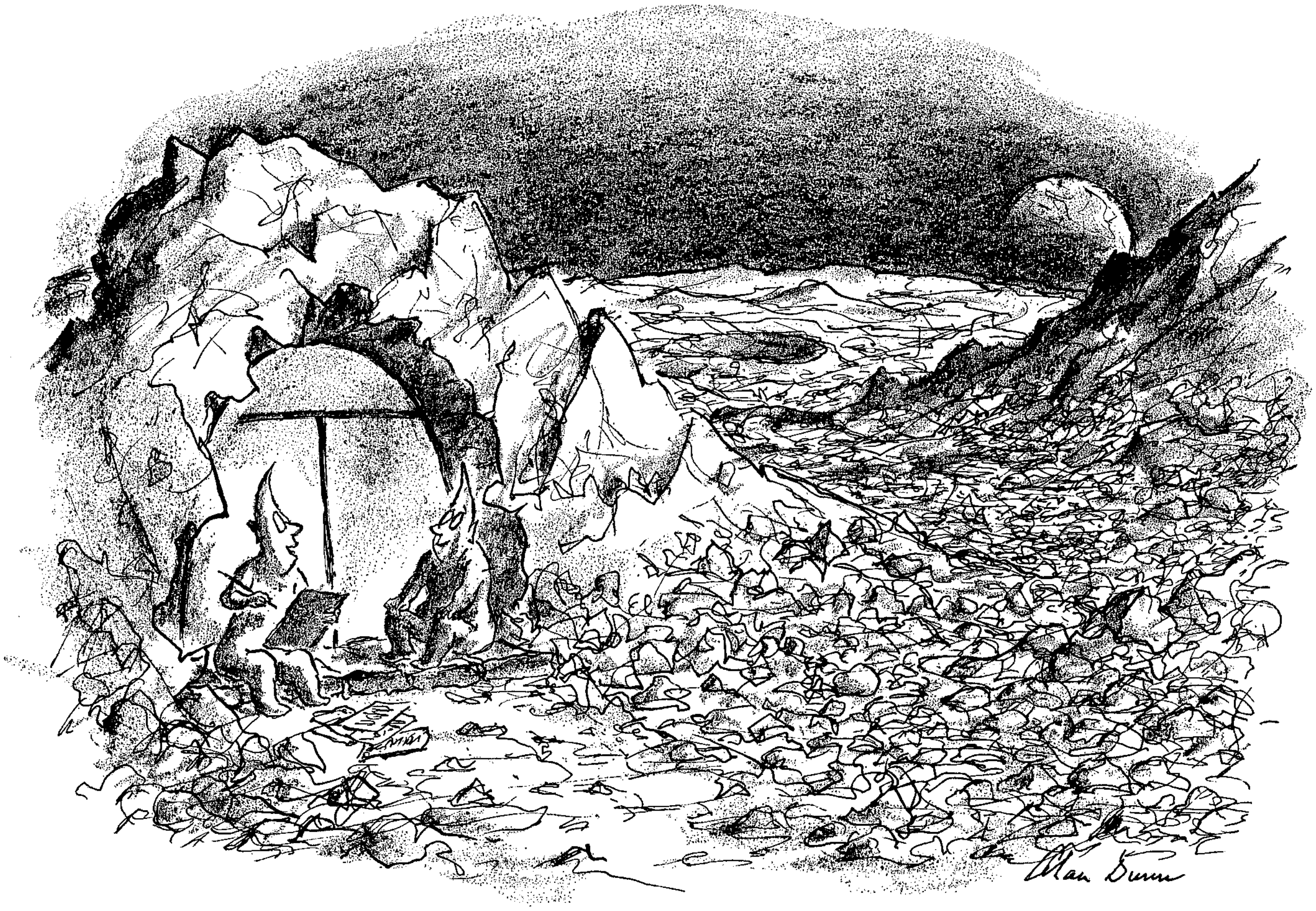


"I figure it would take a million astronauts ten million years to move us, stone by stone, to Planet Earth."

• •

in our early adolescence we slept together, until the full gravity of what we were doing dawned on us at the same time. Then we stopped without a word and without the least ill will. Now, years later, it is good that it happened. Neither she nor I has married. Again, one does not think of such things during the performance.

On Claudio's shoulders the feet are Alfredo's. He is not a member of the family either, but a tumbler whom they enlisted seven or eight years ago. He is the oldest of us, married, with children whom he never sees; he is almost the same age as Claudio's own father. He reads one boxful of books over and over.

On Rafael's shoulders are Emilia's feet. Emilia lives with Claudio. She is the daughter of another wire artist, who performs alone.

On Marcantonio's shoulders, Giorgio's feet. Giorgio is the youngest of the Tartonis, slight, small, homosexual, who wanted to be a clown.

On Cesare's shoulders, Anna's feet. She is the prettiest of the Tartoni girls, gentle, studious, and a singer.

The seats of the bicycles and the heights of the first row of balancers have been carefully adjusted so that their shoulders are all at the same height. This is important because when the balancers are in position a ladder is handed up to them, through which they all slip their heads. They lower it to their shoulders, which are padded to receive it, and the ladder provides a platform, running from Augusta in front to Anna in the rear. The balancing poles are then handed up, and the second row of balancers can start to climb, to stand on the ladder.

Mimi first, who was a classical dancer but required something more dangerous. She is jealous of Marisa and everyone pretends not to know.

Then Teodoro, who is little and dark like a jockey, and was a street urchin who used to play with us when we were first starting to learn, and picked up the act that way, and came with us. He is married and has five children who live with the troupe, but he is never around unless it is for some reason to do with work. He and Giorgio do not get along, but everyone is careful not to pay any attention.

Then Maria, Cesare's sister, adopted at the same time he was. She is in love with Marcantonio, and it would be a good thing, but that is no concern of the front tire's.

Finally, Ernesto Tartoni, short, neat, equable, the eldest of the sons, married without children, an impassioned and skillful devotee of the stock market, at which he has been moderately successful over the years, considering that he started with nothing.

On the shoulders of these four, a second ladder. On which a chair is placed. Into which Graziella climbs, wearing a long gown, mock-royal, with fluffy trim and spangles. And a rhinestone tiara. Graziella was also picked up on the street—an acquaintance of Teodoro's. She grew up with us. We first let her practice the act with us after watching her walk up a hawser onto a ship, on a dare, when she was a little girl. I suppose it would be said that Graziella and I are engaged. Yes, that at least.

When we are halfway across, we stop. The cyclists, one after the other, take their hands off the grips and hold them out like wings. Then each of the bottom row of balancers raises an arm. Last of all, Graziella rises, climbs the chair, and unfurls a flag. We remain there, not hearing the rolled drums or

Go home and face your responsibilities

the applause, for a moment, and then continue.

EVERYONE'S role, as may be imagined, is difficult. But for the cyclists it is more difficult than for anyone, and our training began almost as soon as we could walk. Even before, if you will, with toy bicycles. We came early to regard these two-wheeled fabrications as though the world itself revolved around them. We thought of them day and night. Everything we learned led back to them at once or seemed pointless. At last we could ride. The fervor increased. We cared for nothing else. We learned to ride more and more slowly. We learned to ride backward. By pure force of concentration we learned to stop, to remain upright in one place. Then came the moment when an old wire was laid on the ground and we set the wheels on it and started. When that became practicable, the first of the drops—an old tent canvas, painted—was spread out under the wire. It represents an arena. At the edges are the first tiers of seats, with spectators painted sitting there, life-size. We soon ceased to notice them. In due course the wire was raised a few inches, just enough to clear the ground. Same canvas.

When we were used to the raised practice wire another canvas was spread under it. The arena was smaller. More tiers of spectators showed. They were smaller. As we grew more proficient the canvases depicted the arena and the audience farther and farther below us, until the arena looked the size of a dinner plate and the spectators the size of hatpins. Then a black canvas, which was hardest of all to get used to. Then we were ready to start learning the act itself.

BUT after all that, and even with luck, will we grow much older in the act?

The audiences are not what they were only a few years ago; our expenses are rising all the time; none of the young seem to feel that there is a future in following our exacting profession. Fewer and fewer people seem to believe in us, to say nothing of understanding our art.

But Grandfather Tartoni says that the decline of interest has nothing to do with the world but only with ourselves. He says we are no longer of interest because in truth we are not defying anything real at all. According to him we know too much, and it is all a game. Even if we were killed we would be killed in a game. That is what they mean when they say they don't believe we're really doing what we seem to be doing. The old man declares that in contrast to us he admired his son Tommaso, Claudio's father, just once, when he combined risk and wit and performed on the wire, at the age of eighteen, on a unicycle, on his head. And the old man is thinking (though he is too proud to mention it) of the day when he himself drove a bicycle with a huge front wheel—an ordinary high-seated penny-farthing without special tires or anything—across a city square, a hundred feet up, without rehearsal, simply because, as he once said, it got into him that he could. He watches us seldom, and with scorn, and he says we should turn to something we know nothing about if we are going to talk about defying death. The whole matter, he says, is far simpler than we have made it. It consists of nothing but being able to look straight ahead and see that there could not possibly be any other way.

—W. S. MERWIN

NEW YEAR'S EVE

On New Year's Eve the Plummers took Amabel to the opera.

"Whatever happens tonight happens every day for a year," said Amabel, feeling secure because she had a Plummer on either side.

Colonel Plummer's car had broken down that afternoon; he had got his wife and their guest punctually to the Bolshoi Theatre, through a storm, in a bootleg taxi. Now he discovered from his program that the opera announced was neither of those they had been promised.

His wife leaned across Amabel and said, "Well, which is it?" She could not read any Russian and would not try.

She must have known it would take him minutes to answer, for she sat back, settled a width of gauzy old shawl on her neck, and began telling Amabel the relative sizes of the Bolshoi and some concert hall in Vancouver the girl had never heard of. Then, because it was the Colonel's turn to speak, she shut her eyes and waited for the overture.

The Colonel was gazing at the program and putting off the moment when he would have to say that it was "Ivan Susanin," a third choice no one had so much as hinted at. He wanted to convey that he was sorry and that the change was not his fault. He took bearings: he was surrounded by women. To his left sat the guest, who mewed like a kitten, who had been a friend of his daughter's, and whose name he could not remember. On the right, near the aisle, two quiet unknown girls were eating fruit and chocolates. These two smelled of oranges; of clothes worn a long time in winter; of light recent sweat; of women's hair. Their arms were large and bare. When the girl closest to him moved slightly, he saw a man's foreign wristwatch. He wondered who she was, and how the watch had come to her, but he had been here two years now—long enough to know he would never be answered. He also wondered if the girls were as shabby as his guest found everyone in Moscow. His way of seeing women was not concerned with that sort of evidence: shoes were shoes, a frock was a frock.

The girls took no notice of the Colonel. He was invisible to them, wiped out of being by a curtain pulled over the inner eye.

He felt his guest's silence, then his wife's. The visitor's profile was a kitten's, to match her voice. She was twenty-two, which his Catherine would never be. Her gold dress, packed for improbable gala evenings, seemed the size of a bathing suit. She was divorcing someone, or someone in Canada had left her—he remembered that, but not her name.

He moved an inch or two to the left and muttered, "It's Ivan."

"What?" cried his wife. "What did you say?"

In the old days, before their Catherine had died, when the Colonel's wife was still talking to him, he had tried to hush her in public places sometimes, and so the habit of loudness had taken hold.

"It isn't Boris. It isn't Igor. It's Ivan. They must both have had sore throats."

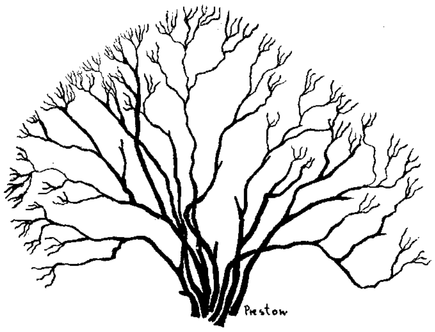
"Oh, well, bugger it," said his wife.

Amabel supposed that the Colonel's wife had grown peculiar through having lived so many years in foreign parts. Having no one to speak to, she conversed alone. Half of Mrs. Plummer's character was quite coarse, though a finer Mrs. Plummer somehow kept order. Low-minded Mrs. Plummer chatted amiably and aloud with her high-minded twin—far more pleasantly than the whole of Mrs. Plummer ever talked to anybody.

"Serves you right," she said.

Amabel gave a little jump. She wondered if Mrs. Plummer's remark had anything to do with the opera. She turned her head cautiously. Mrs. Plummer had again closed her eyes.

The persistence of memory determines what each day of the year will be like, the Colonel's wife decided. Not what happens on New Year's Eve. This morning I was in Moscow; between the curtains snow was falling. The day had no color. It might have been late afternoon. Then the smell of toast came into my room and I was back in my mother's dining room in Victoria, with the gros-point chairs and the framed embroidered grace on the wall. A little girl I had been ordered to play with kicked the baseboard, waiting for us to finish our breakfast. A devilish little boy, Hume something, was on my mind. I was already attracted to devils, I believed in their powers. My mother's incompetence about choosing friends for me shaped my life, because that child, who kicked the baseboard and left marks on the paint . . .



When she and her husband had still been speaking, this was how Frances Plummer had talked. She had offered him hours of reminiscence, and the long personal thoughts that lead to quarrels. In those days red wine had made her aggressive, whiskey made him vague.

Not only vague, she corrected; stubborn too. *Speak*? said one half of Mrs. Plummer to the other. Did we speak? We yelled!

The quiet twin demanded a fairer portrait of the past, for she had no memory.

Oh, he was a shuffler, back and forth between wife and mistress, said the virago, who had forgotten nothing. He'd desert one and then leave the other—flag to flag, false convert, double agent, reason why a number of women had long, hilly conversations, like the view from a train—monotonous, finally. That was the view a minute ago, you'd say. Yes, but look now.

The virago declared him incompetent; said he had shuffled from embassy to embassy as well, pushed along by a staunch ability to retain languages, an untiring recollection of military history and wars nobody cared about. What did he take with him? His wife, for one thing. At least she was here, tonight, at the opera. Each time they changed countries he supervised the packing of a portrait of his mother, wearing white, painted when she was seventeen. He had nothing of Catherine's: when Catherine died, Mrs. Plummer gave away her clothes and her books, and had her little dog put to sleep.

How did it happen? In what order? said calm Mrs. Plummer. Try and think it in order. He shuffled away one Easter; came shuffling back; and Catherine died. It is useless to say, "Serves you right," for whatever served him served you.

The overture told Amabel nothing, and by the end of the first act she still did not know the name of the opera or understand what it was about. Earlier in the day the Colonel had said, "There is some uncertainty—sore throats here and there. The car, now—you can see what has happened. It doesn't start. If our taxi should fail us, and isn't really a taxi, we might arrive

"But I intended that remark only to serve as a point of departure."

at the Bolshoi too late for me to do anything much in the way of explaining. But you can easily figure it out for yourself." His mind cleared; his face lightened. "If you happen to see Tartar dances, then you will know it is Igor. Otherwise it is Boris."

The instant the lights rose, Amabel thrust her program at him and said, "What does that mean?"

"Why, Ivan. It's Ivan."

"There are two words, aren't there?"

"Yes. What's-His-Name had a sore throat, d'you see? We knew it might all be changed at any moment. It was clever of them to get these printed in time."

Mrs. Plummer, who looked like the Red Queen sometimes, said, "A life for the tsar," meanwhile staring straight ahead of her.

"Used to be, used to be," said the Colonel, and he smiled at Amabel, as if to say to her, Now you know.

The Plummers did not go out between acts. They never smoked, were seldom thirsty or hungry, and they hated crowds. Amabel stood and stretched so that the Russians could appreciate her hair, her waist, her thin arms, and, for those lucky enough to glimpse them, her thighs. After a moment or two Mrs. Plummer thought the Russians had appreciated Amabel enough, and she said very loudly, "You might be more comfortable sitting down."

"Lakmé is coming," said the Colonel, for it was his turn to speak. "It's far and away my favorite opera. It makes an awful fool of the officer caste." This was said with ambiguous satisfaction. He was not really disowning himself.

"How does it do that?" said Amabel, who was not more comfortable sitting down.

"Why, an officer runs off with the daughter of a temple priest. No one would ever have got away with that. Though the military are awful fools most of the time."

"You're that class—caste, I mean—aren't you?"

The Colonel supposed that like most people he belonged to the same caste as his father and mother. His father had worn a wig and been photographed wearing it just before he died. His mother, still living, rising eighty, was given to choked melancholy laughter over nothing, a habit carried over from a girlhood of Anglican giggling. It was his mother the Colonel had wanted in Moscow this Christmas—not Amabel. He had wanted to bring her even if it killed her; even if she choked to death on her own laughter as she shook tea out of a cup because her hand trembled, or if she laughed and said, "My dear boy, nobody forced you to marry Frances." The Colonel saw himself serene, immune to reminders; observed a new Colonel Plummer crowned with a wig, staring out of a photograph, in the uniform his father had worn at Vimy Ridge; sure of himself and still, faded to a plain soft neutral color; unhearing, at peace—dead, in short. He had dreamed of sending the plane ticket, of meeting his mother at the airport with a fur coat over his arm in case she had come dressed for the wrong winter; had imagined giving her tea and watching her drink it out of a glass set in a metal base decorated all over with Soviet cosmonauts; had sat beside her here, at the Bolshoi, at a performance of "Eugene Onegin," which she once had loved. It seemed fitting that he now do some tactful, unneeded, appreciated thing for her, at last—she who had never done anything for him.

One evening his wife had looked up from the paperback spy novel she was reading at dinner and—having waited for him to notice she was neither eating nor turning pages—remarked that Amabel Bacon, who had been Amabel Fisher, that pretty child Catherine roomed with in school, had asked if she might come to them for ten days at Christmas.

"Nothing for children here," he said. "And not much space."

"She must be twenty-two," said his wife, "and can stay in a hotel."

They stared at each other, as if they were strangers in a crush somewhere and her earring had caught on his coat. Their looks disentangled. That night Mrs. Plummer wrote to Amabel saying that they did not know any young people; that Mrs. Plummer played bridge from three to six every afternoon; that the Colonel was busy at the embassy; that it was difficult to find seats at the ballet; that it was too cold for sightseeing; Lenin's tomb was temporarily closed; there was nothing in the way of shopping; the Plummers, not being great mixers, avoided parties; they planned to spend a quiet Christmas and New Year's; and Amabel was welcome.

Amabel seemed to have forgotten her question about the officer caste. ". . . hissing and whispering behind us the whole time" was what she was saying now. "I could hardly hear the music." She had a smile ready, so that if the Colonel did look at her he would realize she was pleased to be at the Bolshoi and not really complaining. "I suppose you know every note by heart, so you aren't bothered by extra noise." She paused, wondering if the Colonel was hard of hearing. "I hate whispering. It's more bothersome than something loud. It's like that hissing you get on stereo sometimes, like water running."

"Water running?" said the Colonel, not deafly but patiently.

"I mean the people behind us."

"A mother explaining to a child," he said, without looking.

Amabel turned, pretending she was only lifting her long, soft hair away from her neck. She saw a little girl, wearing a white hair ribbon the size of a melon, leaning against, and somehow folded into, a seal-shaped mother. The two shared a pear, bite for bite. Everyone around them was feeding, in fact. It's a zoo, Amabel thought. On the far side of the Colonel, two girls munched on chocolates. They unwrapped each slowly, and dropped the paper back in the box. Amabel sighed and said, "Are they happy? Cheap entertainment isn't everything. Once you've seen 'Swan Lake' a hundred times, what is there to do here?"

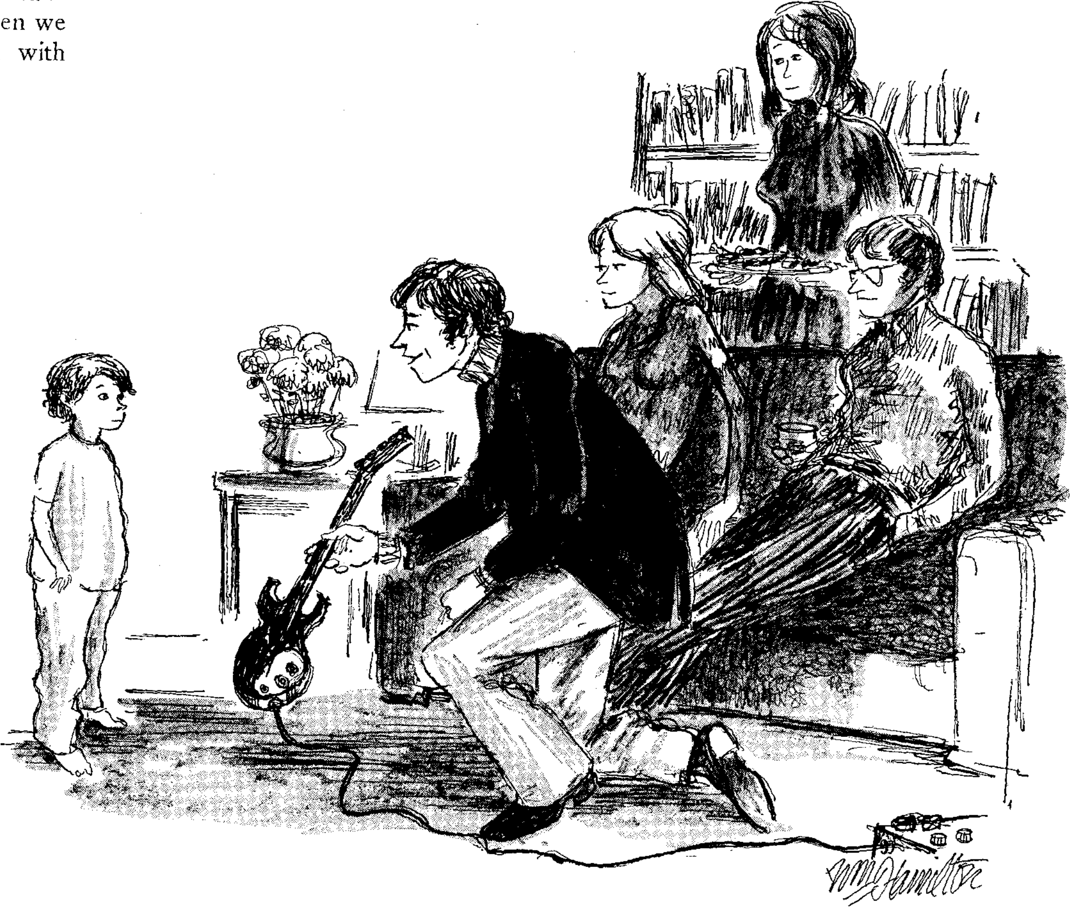
Mrs. Plummer slapped at her bangles and said, "We were told when we were in Morocco that children with filthy eye diseases and begging their food were perfectly happy."

"Well, at least they have the sun in those places," said Amabel. She had asked the unanswerable only because she herself was so unhappy. It was true that she had left her husband—it was not the other way around—but he had done nothing to keep her. She had imagined pouring all this out to dead Catherine's mother, who had always been so kind on school holidays because Amabel's parents were divorced; who had invited her to Italy once, and another time to Morocco. Why else had Amabel come all this way at Christmastime, if not to be adopted? She had fancied herself curled at the foot of Mrs. Plummer's bed, Mrs. Plummer with a grey braid down on one shoulder, her reading spectacles held between finger and thumb, her book—one of the thick accounts of somebody's life at Cambridge, the reading of the elderly—slipping off the counterpane as she became more and more engrossed in Amabel's story. She had seen Mrs. Plummer handing her a deep-blue leather case stamped with dead Catherine's initials. The lid, held back by Mrs. Plummer, was lined with sky-blue moire; the case contained Catherine's first coral bracelet, her gold sleeper rings, her first locket, her chains and charm bracelets, a string of pearls, her childless godmother's engagement ring. . . . "I have no one to leave these to, and Catherine was so fond of you," said a fantastic Mrs. Plummer.

None of it could happen, of course: from a chance phrase Amabel learned that the Plummers had given everything belonging to Catherine to the gardener's children of that house in Italy where Catherine caught spinal meningitis and died. Moreover, Amabel never saw so much as the wallpaper of Mrs. Plummer's bedroom. When she hinted at her troubles, said something about a wasted life, Mrs. Plummer cut her off with "Most lives are wasted. All are shortchanged. A few are tragic."

The Plummers lived in a dark, drab, high-ceilinged flat. They had somehow escaped the foreigners' compound, but their isolation was deeper, as though they were embedded in a large block of ice. Amabel had been put in a new hotel, to which the Colonel conducted her each night astonishingly early. They ate their dinner at a nursery hour, and as soon as Amabel had drunk the last of the decaffeinated coffee the Plummers served, the Colonel guided her over the pavement to where his Rover was waiting and freezing, then drove her along streets nearly empty of traffic, but where lights signalled and were obeyed, so that it was like driving in a dream. The sidewalks were dark with crowds. She wiped the mist away from the window with her glove, and saw people dragging Christmas trees along—not for Christmas, for the New Year, Colonel Plummer told her. When he left her in the hotel lobby it was barely half past eight. She felt as if her visit were a film seen in fragments, with someone's head moving back and forth in front of her face; or as if someone had been describing a story while a blind flapped and a window banged. In the end she would recall nothing except shabby strangers dragging fir trees through the dark.

"Are you enjoying it?" said Mrs. Plummer, snatching away from the Colonel a last-ditch possibility. He had



"Please, Rocky, Uncle Al and Aunt Judy and Mommy and I all want to hear you do 'Come On, Baby, Light My Fire.'"

certainly intended to ask this question next time his turn came round.

"Yes, though I'd appreciate it more if I understood," said Amabel. "Probably."

"Don't you care for music?"

"I love music. Understood Russian, I meant."

Mrs. Plummer did not understand Russian, did not need it, and did not miss it. She had not heard a thing said to her in French, or in Spanish, let alone any of the Hamitic tongues, when she and the Colonel were in Morocco; and she had not cared to learn any Italian in Italy. She went to bed early every night and read detective novels. She was in bed before nine unless an official reason kept her from going. She would not buy new clothes now; would not trouble about her hair, except for cutting it. She played bridge every afternoon for money. When she had enough, she intended to leave him. Dollars, pounds, francs, crowns, lire, deutsche marks, and guldens were rolled up in nylon stockings and held fast with elastic bands.

But of course she would never be able to leave him: she would never have enough money, though she had been saving, and rehearsing her farewell, for years. She had memorized every word and seen each stroke of punctuation, so that when the moment arrived she would not be at a loss. The parting speech would spring from her like a separate Frances. Sentences streamed across a swept sky. They were pure, white, unblemished by love or compassion. She felt a complicity with her victim. She leaned past their guest and spoke to him and drew his attention to something by touching his hand. He immediately placed his right hand, the hand holding the program, over hers, so that the clasp, the loving conspiracy, was kept hidden.

So it appeared to Amabel—a loving conspiracy. She was embarrassed, because they were too old for this; then she was envious, then jealous. She hated them for flaunting their long understanding, making her seem discarded, left out of a universal game. No one would love her the way the Colonel loved his wife. Mrs. Plummer finished whatever trivial remark she had considered urgent and sat back, very straight, and shook down her Moroccan bangles, and touched each of her long earrings to see if it was still in place—as if the exchange of words with the Colonel had in fact been a passionate embrace.

Amabel pretended to read the program, but it was all in Russian; there wasn't a word of translation. She wished she had never come.

The kinder half of Mrs. Plummer said aloud to her darker twin, "Oh, well, she is less trouble than that damned military-cultural mission last summer."

Tears stood in Amabel's eyes and she had to hold her head as stiffly as Mrs. Plummer did; otherwise the tears might have spilled on her program and thousands of people would have heard them fall. Later, the Plummers would drop her at her hotel, which could have been in Toronto, in Caracas, or in Amsterdam; where there was no one to talk to, and where she was not loved. In her room was a tapped cream-colored telephone with framed instructions in a secret alphabet, and an oil painting of peonies concealing a microphone to which a Russian had his ear glued the clock around. There were three thousand rooms in the hotel, which meant three thousand microphones and an army of three thousand listeners. Amabel kept her coat, snow boots, and traveller's checks on a chair drawn up to the bedside, and she slept in her bra and panties in case they came to arrest her during the night.

"My bath runs sand," she said. Mrs. Plummer merely looked with one eye, like a canary.

"In my hotel," said Amabel. "Sand comes out of the tap. It's in the bath water."

"Speak to the manager," said Mrs. Plummer, who would not put up with complaints from newcomers. She paused, conceding that what she had just advised was surrealistic. "I've found the local water clean. I drink quarts of it."

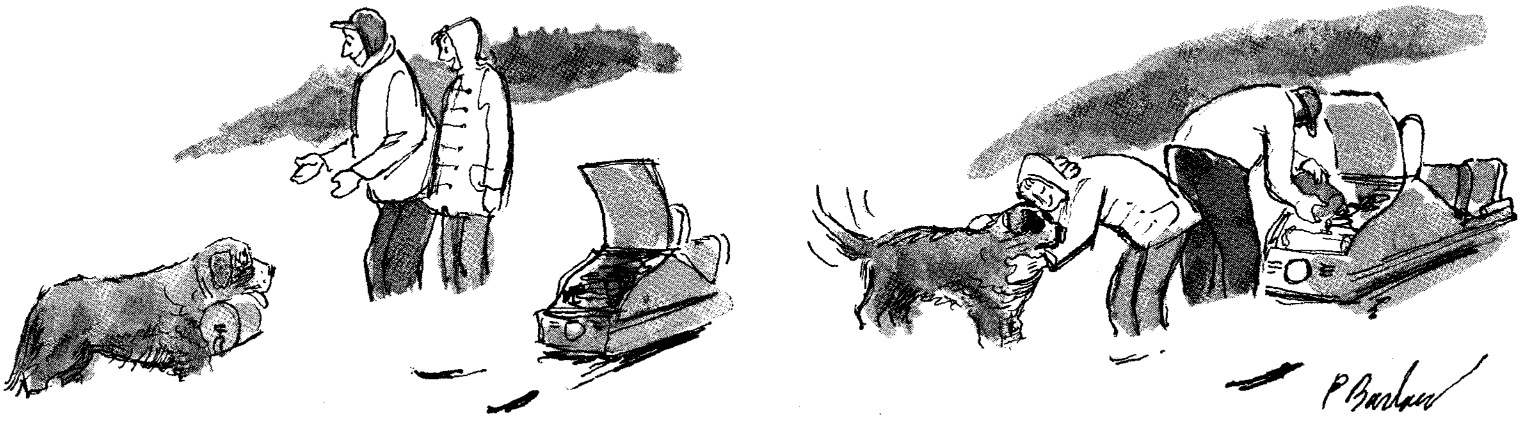
"But to bathe in . . . and when I wash my stockings . . ."

"One thing you will never hear of is typhoid here," said the Colonel, kindly, to prevent his wife from saying, "Don't wash your damned stockings." He took the girl's program and looked at it, as if it were in some way unlike his own. He turned to the season's events on the back page and said, "Oh, it isn't Lakmé after all," meanwhile wondering if that was what had upset her.

Amabel saw that she would never attract a man again; she would never be loved, for she had not held even the Colonel's attention. First he sat humming the music they had just heard, then he was hypnotized by the program, then he looked straight up at the ceiling and brought his gaze down to the girls sitting next to the aisle. What was so special about them? Amabel leaned forward, as if looking for a dropped glove. She saw two heads, bare round arms, a pink slip strap dropped on the curve of a shoulder. One of the girls divided an orange, holding it out so the juice would not drip on her knees.

They all look like servants, thought the unhappy guest. I can't help it. That's what they look like. They dress like maids. I'm having a rotten time. She glanced at the Colonel and thought, They're his type. But he must have been good-looking once.

The Colonel was able to learn the structure of any language, given a few pages of colloquial prose and a dictionary. His wife was deaf to strangers,



and she barely noticed the people she could not understand. As a result, the Colonel had grown accustomed to being alone among hordes of ghosts. With Amabel still mewing beside him, he heard in the ghost language only he could capture, "Yes, but are you happy?"

His look went across the ceiling and came down to the girls. The one who had whispered the question was rapt; she held a section of orange suspended a few inches from her lips as she waited. But the lights dimmed. "Cht," her friend cautioned. She gathered up the peelings on her lap in a paper bag.

Mrs. Plummer suddenly said clearly to herself or to Amabel, "My mother used to make her children sing. If you sing, you must be happy. That was another idea of happiness."

Amabel thought, Every day of the year will be like tonight.

He doesn't look at women now, said Mrs. Plummer silently. Doesn't dare. Every girl is a wife screaming for justice and revenge; a mistress deserted, her life shrunk down to a postage stamp; a daughter dead.

He walked away in Italy, after a violent drinking quarrel, with Catherine there in the house. Instead of calling after him, Mrs. Plummer sat still for an hour, then remembered she had forgotten to leave some money for the postman for Easter. It was early morning; she was dressed; neither of them had been to bed. She found an envelope, the kind she used for messages to servants and the local tradesmen, and crammed a thousand-lire note inside. She was sober and cursing. She scribbled the postman's name. Catherine, in the garden, on her knees, tore out the pansy plants she had put in the little crevices between paving stones the day before. She looked up at her mother.

"Have you had your breakfast?" her mother said.

"It's no use chasing *them*," Catherine answered. "They've gone."

That was how he had done it—the old shuffler: chosen the Easter holiday, when his daughter was home from school, down in Italy, to creep away. And Catherine understood, for she said "them," though she had never known that the other person existed. Well, of course he came shuffling back, because of Catherine. All was safe: wife was there, home safe, daughter safe, books in place, wine cellar intact, career unchipped. He came out of it scot-free, except that Catherine died. Was it accurate to say, "Serves you right?" Was it fair?

Yes! Yes! "Serves you right!"

Amabel heard, and supposed it could only have to do with the plot of the opera. She said to herself, It will soon be over.

The thing he was most afraid of now was losing his memory. Sometimes he came to breakfast wearing two kinds of shoes. He could go five times to a window to see if snow was falling and forget each time why he was standing there. He had thrown three hundred dollars in a wastepaper basket and carefully kept an elastic band. It was of extreme importance that he remember his guest's name. The name was royal, or imperial, he seemed to recall. Straight down an imperial tree he climbed, counting off leaves: Julia, Octavia, Livia, Cleopatra—not likely—Messalina, Claudia, Domitia. Antonia? It was a name with two "a"s but with an "m" and not an "n."

"Marcia," he said in the dark, half turning to her.

"It's Amabel, actually," she said. "I don't even know a Marcia." Like a child picking up a piece of glass and innocently throwing it, she said, "I don't think Catherine knew any Marcias either."

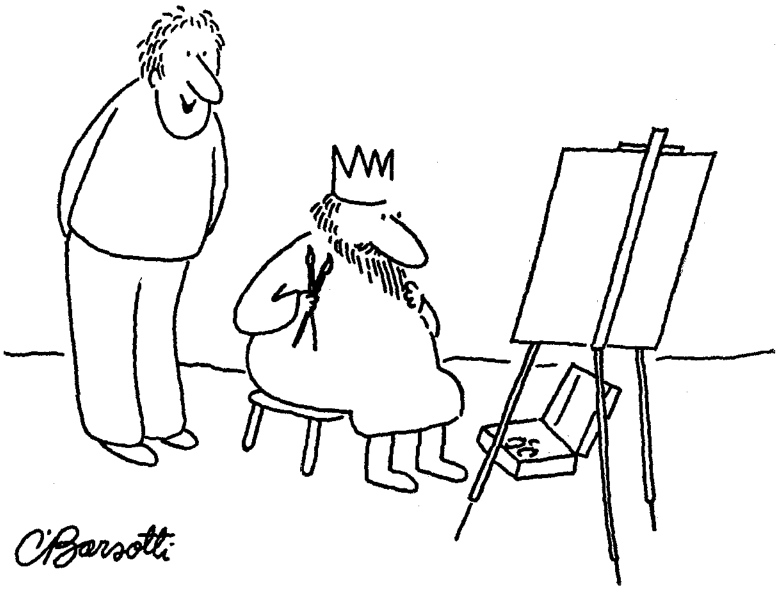
The woman behind them hissed for silence. Amabel swung round, abruptly this time, and saw that the little girl had fallen asleep. Her ribbon was askew, like a frayed birthday wrapping.

The Colonel slept for a minute and dreamed that his mother was a reed, or a flower. "If only you had always been like that!" he cried, in the dream.

Amabel thought that the scene of the jewel case still might take place: a tap at the hotel-room door tomorrow morning, and there would be Mrs. Plummer, tall and stormy, in her rusty-orange ancient mink, with her square fur bonnet, first visitor of the year, starting the new cycle with a noble gesture. She undid a hastily wrapped parcel, saying, "Nothing really valuable—Catherine was too young." But no, for everything of Catherine's belonged to the gardener's children in Italy now. Amabel rearranged tomorrow morning: Mrs. Plummer brought *her own case* and said, "I have no one to leave anything to except a dog hospital," and there was Amabel, sitting up in bed, hugging her knees, loved at last, looking at emeralds.

Without speaking, Colonel Plummer and his wife each understood what the other had thought of the opera, the staging, and the musical quality of the evening; they also knew where Mrs. Plummer would wait with Amabel while he struggled to the cloakroom to fetch their wraps.

He had taken great care to stay close behind the two girls. For one thing, he had not yet had the answer to "Are you happy?" He heard now, "I am twenty-one years old and I have not succeeded . . ." and then he was wrenched out of the queue. Pushing back, pretending to be armored against unknown forces, like his wife, he heard someone insult him and smiled uncomprehendingly. No one knew how much he understood—except for his wife. It was as though he listened to stones, or snow, or trees speaking. ". . . even though we went to a restaurant and I paid for his dinner," said the same girl, who had not even looked round, and for whom the Colonel had no existence. "The next night he came to the door very late. My parents were in bed. He had come from some stuffy place—his coat stank. But he looked clean and important. He always does. We went into the kitchen. He said he had come up because he cared and could not spend an evening without seeing me, and then he said he had no money, or had lost his money somewhere. I did not want my mother to hear. I said, 'Now I know why you came to see me.' I gave him money—how could I refuse? He knows we keep it in the same drawer as the knives and forks. He could have helped himself, but instead he was careful not to look at the drawer at all. When he wants to show tenderness, he presses his face to my cheek, his lips as quiet as his forehead—it is like being embraced by a dead animal. I was ashamed to think he knew I would always be there waiting. He thinks he can come in whenever he sees a light from the street. I have no advantage from my loyalty, only disadvantages."



"Oh, no, sir. I'm not just saying it because you're king. I think it's really very, very good."

Her friend seemed to be meditating deeply. "If you are not happy, it might be your fault," she said.

The cloakroom attendant flung first the girls' coats and woollen caps on the counter, and then their boots, which had been stored in numbered cubbyholes underneath, and it was the Colonel's turn to give up plastic tokens in exchange for his wife's old fur-lined cloak, Amabel's inadequate jacket, his own overcoat—but of course the girls were lost, and he would never see them again. What nagged at him was that disgraceful man. Oh, he could imagine him well enough: an elegant blackmarketeer, speaking five languages, wearing a sable hat, following tourists in the snow, offering icons in exchange for hard currency. It would explain the watch and perhaps even the chocolates and oranges. "His coat stank" and "he looked clean and important" were typically feminine contradictions, of unequal value. He thought he saw the girls a moment later, but they may have been two like them, leaning on a wall, holding each other's coats as they tugged their boots on; then he saw them laughing, collapsed in each other's arms. This is unusual, he told himself, for when do people laugh in public anywhere in the north—not only in this sullen city? He thought, as though suddenly superior to the person he had been only a minute ago, what an iron thing it would be never to regret one's losses.

His wife and Amabel looked too alert, as if they had been discussing him and would now pretend to talk about something else.

"That didn't take long," remarked Mrs. Plummer, meaning to say that it had. With overwhelming directness she said, "The year still has an hour to run, so Amabel tells me, and so we had better take her home with us for a drink."

"Only an hour left to change the year ahead," said Amabel without tact.

The Colonel knew that the city was swept by a Siberian blizzard and that their taxi would be nowhere in sight. But outside he saw only the dust of snow sifting past street lights. The wind had fallen; and their driver was waiting exactly where he had promised. Colonel Plummer helped Amabel down the icy steps of the opera house, then went back for his wife. Cutting off a possible question, she said, "I can make a bed for her somewhere."

Wait, he said silently, looking at all the strangers disappearing in the last hour of the year. Come back, he said to the girls. Who are you? Who was the man?

Amabel's little nose was white with cold. Though this was not her turn to speak, Mrs. Plummer glanced down at her guest, who could not yet hear, saying, " 'He is not glad that he is going home, nor sorry that he has not had time to see the city . . .' "

"It's 'the *sights* of the city,' I think," said the Colonel. "I'll look it up." He realized he was not losing his memory after all. His breath came and went as if he were still very young. He took Amabel's arm and felt her shiver, though she did not complain about the weather and had her usual hopeful smile ready in case he chose to look. Hilarity is happiness, he thought, sadly, remembering those two others. Is it?

Mrs. Plummer took her turn by remarking, "Used to read the same books," to no one in particular.

Without another word, the Plummers climbed into the taxi and drove with Amabel back to the heart of their isolation, where there was no room for a third person; but the third person knew nothing about this, and so for Amabel the year was saved.

—Mavis Gallant

•

FORTUNE

You must know where they lead
Keep your hand to yourself

I shall not read either
those lines in your forehead

The spiders of anxiety
hunting your palm
the worms of anxiety
at work in your brow
they weave and burrow
ways to extinction

There is nothing there
There is nothing in that
for you

while the farmer goes
on planting his eyes
planting his hands and
when he is done
will sleep for a season
likewise

You worry too much
Don't worry
The body that rose
is not yours

—Jon Sw

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NEW MEMBER

ON January 3, 1969, two weeks before his fortieth birthday, Allard K. Lowenstein rose, with four hundred and twenty-nine other persons, on the floor of the House of Representatives and was sworn in as a member of the Ninety-first Congress. For the swearing-in ceremony, Lowenstein, who frequently wears a rumpled beige windbreaker, slacks, and no necktie, was dressed with more care than usual; he had on a freshly pressed gray suit and a plain dark tie, and his hair was neatly combed. This was not the first time that he had come to Capitol Hill to work. In 1949, he had been an aide to Senator Frank Graham, a North Carolina Democrat, and in 1959 he had worked as a foreign-policy assistant to Hubert Humphrey, when Humphrey was a senator from Minnesota. Lowenstein had long been interested in politics, but his appearance on Capitol Hill in 1969 was not the result of any political ambitions developed during his days as a legislative aide. It was, rather, a by-product of a campaign he had engaged in to end the war in Vietnam. In 1967 and 1968, he had led the movement to prevent President Johnson's renomination, first urging Senator Robert F. Kennedy to oppose the President, and then, when Senator Kennedy hesitated, urging Senator Eugene J. McCarthy to take on that task. As an additional contribution to the reformist, anti-war movement, Lowenstein decided to run for the House from New York's Fifth Congressional District, which was once a part of the First District, then a part of the Second District, and later a part of the Third District, and which takes in most of the Southern third of Nassau County. In a sense, Republicans might be said to have held the seat from 1914 to 1964, when Herbert Tenzer, a Democrat, won the office, and now, having served two terms, he was retiring, leaving the seat vacant. The local insurgent Democratic anti-war group asked Lowenstein to run in the primary, and after several weeks of wavering he made up his mind to do so. "The most persuasive argument for running was that the direction of the country was wrong, and if we didn't have candidates who said so and won we would have no way of showing that the country wanted to change direction," Lowenstein said later. "The value of running was not just that you could do a good job if you won. It was also the fact of winning an election on the issues of the war and the reordering of national priorities—the phrase was new and sounded sort of highbrow and vague then—in a district that was supposed to be resistant to this point of view."

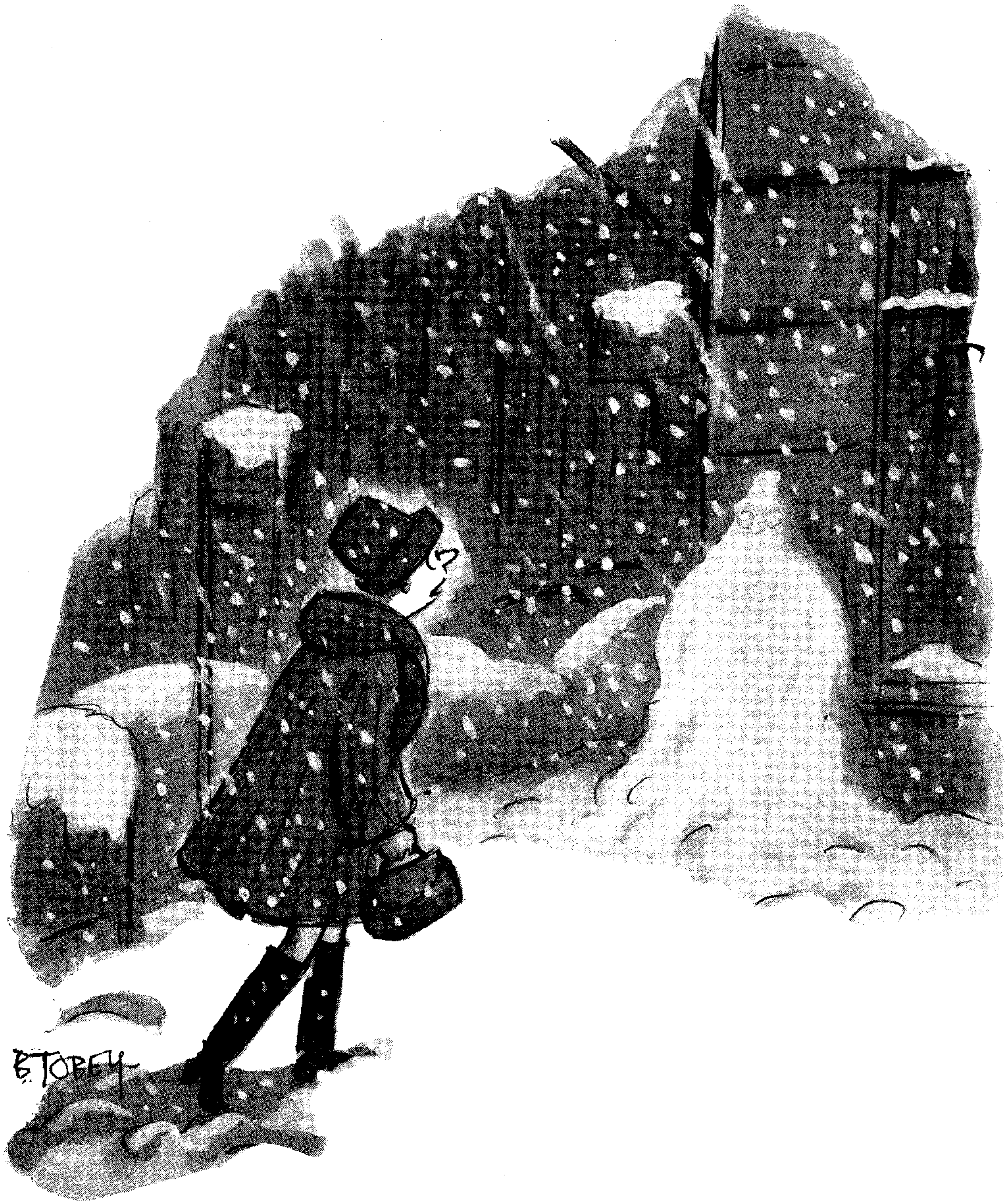
Lowenstein, having won the nomination by a considerable margin in the primary, defeated the Republican candidate, Mason Hampton, Jr., by 99,193 votes to 96,427 on November 5th. A few days after the election, he told me that, in a sense, he was not prepared to take the seat in Congress. "I have a certain awe about elections," he said. "The fact of being elected is high in the hierarchy of things I was raised to think of as a great honor, and I had never really seen myself as doing that. By the end of the campaign, I expected to win, but I had never sat down and thought about what would happen next. It seemed to me that that was best, because if I didn't win I wouldn't be as disappointed, and if I did—well, there would be plenty of time to think it out afterward. So finding myself in the House had something of an Alice in Wonderland quality about it—something amazing, because it was unexpected and because I felt this great awe for the electoral process."

After his first week in Washington, Lowenstein returned to New York less amazed. He came to my apartment one evening, wearing his windbreaker and a pair of baggy pants. I asked him how the week had gone, and he told me that at the end of his second day in Congress the Majority Leader, Representative Carl Albert, had made him Acting Majority Leader—a job that carries with it the right to adjourn the House. The appointment, which is made almost every day and carries responsibilities that last only for a few minutes, is one of the courtesies that the House leaders extend to their less influential fellow-representatives—a mark of recognition and a sign of welcome. Lowenstein was not as deeply impressed by the gesture as perhaps he was supposed to be until a colleague, congratulating him, mentioned another congressman who had been given a brief turn as Acting Majority Leader—in his case, only after many months in the House. The newspapers of his district—so the story went—had been so struck by this swift rise that they publicized it sufficiently to make it a fac-

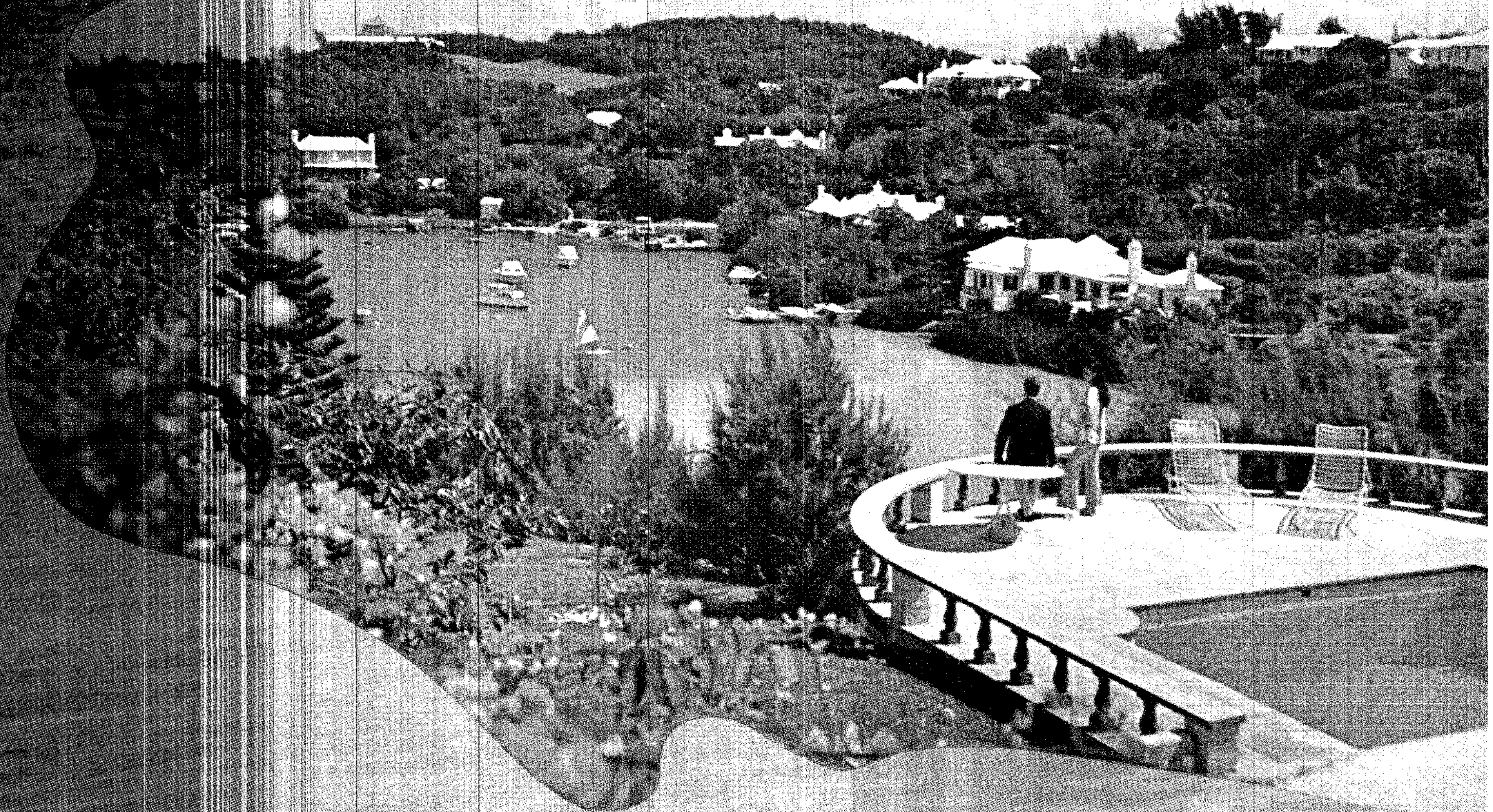
WARNING! THESE PERIODICALS MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR POINT OF VIEW.

tor in his subsequent reëlection. Lowenstein did recognize a touch of irony in Albert's awarding him a microphone, however. It was Carl Albert who, as chairman of the 1968 Democratic National Convention, had turned off the floor mike when Lowenstein, a delegate from New York, tried to second a motion to recess the Convention while violence was going on in the streets of Chicago. Once Lowenstein had become a member of Congress, Albert made a point of telling him, "You're not a bit like they told me. You're not a long-hair-and-beard type at all." At any rate, it came about that on his second day in Congress Lowenstein spoke his first words there, and spoke them as Acting Majority Leader of the House. He was chided by his wife, Jenny, when he emerged. "How is it that when Carl Albert finally gives you a mike, all you can think of to say is 'I move that this House do now adjourn'?" she demanded. But that was the scope of the appointment, and those first words were the initial gesture in what Lowenstein came to call "the charade."

Later that week, Lowenstein attended a bipartisan briefing session for new representatives. Little was said about legislation or about the purpose and power of the House. The session consisted of a series of tips on the special political etiquette of favors that members expect from each other and should be prepared to repay, on how to get one's name on a bill, on how to impress constituents—in sum, helpful hints about how to get reëlected. Lowenstein was both amused and distressed. "That's the trouble with most politicians," he told me. "This slogan that getting yourself reëlected is the first rule of politics can lead to a really pernicious attitude. The notion of being elected is inherently virtuous, if you believe in it. We don't believe in royalty and inherited office, or in office as the result of trial by combat. We're raised to think democracy is the best way, and democracy means elections. But if you add the general human ambition to make the most of your own future to the state of mind of people raised to believe in elections, you can end up with a dangerous combination. There is nothing inherently immoral about trying to succeed, and in politics this society's idea of success is to get yourself elected. But once that has become the goal, all the other values and goals can be forgotten. The test of virtue becomes success, and people measure success by whether you get more votes. So why shouldn't you think first about how to get more votes? So that becomes the 'first rule' of that kind of politics. It's also what makes the whole process so much less productive and honest. If you don't want to fall into that trap, you have to say no, you won't accept that view of things. My first rule in Congress is that if I don't do more by being there about the things I care about than I would if I weren't there, then I shouldn't be there. That rule will help make a lot of decisions much easier."


"Edgar? Have you been waiting long?"

The week of the briefing session, Lowenstein went to the Democratic caucus, the organizational meeting of all House Democrats, at which he hoped to raise a question that he and a number of other representatives had discussed in the interval between the election and the swearing-in. Lowenstein and the others wanted to open the rules of the House to debate and amendment, including those on how committees function, how bills can be brought to the floor, how debating time on the floor is assigned—in effect, the very workings of the institution. He and his friends



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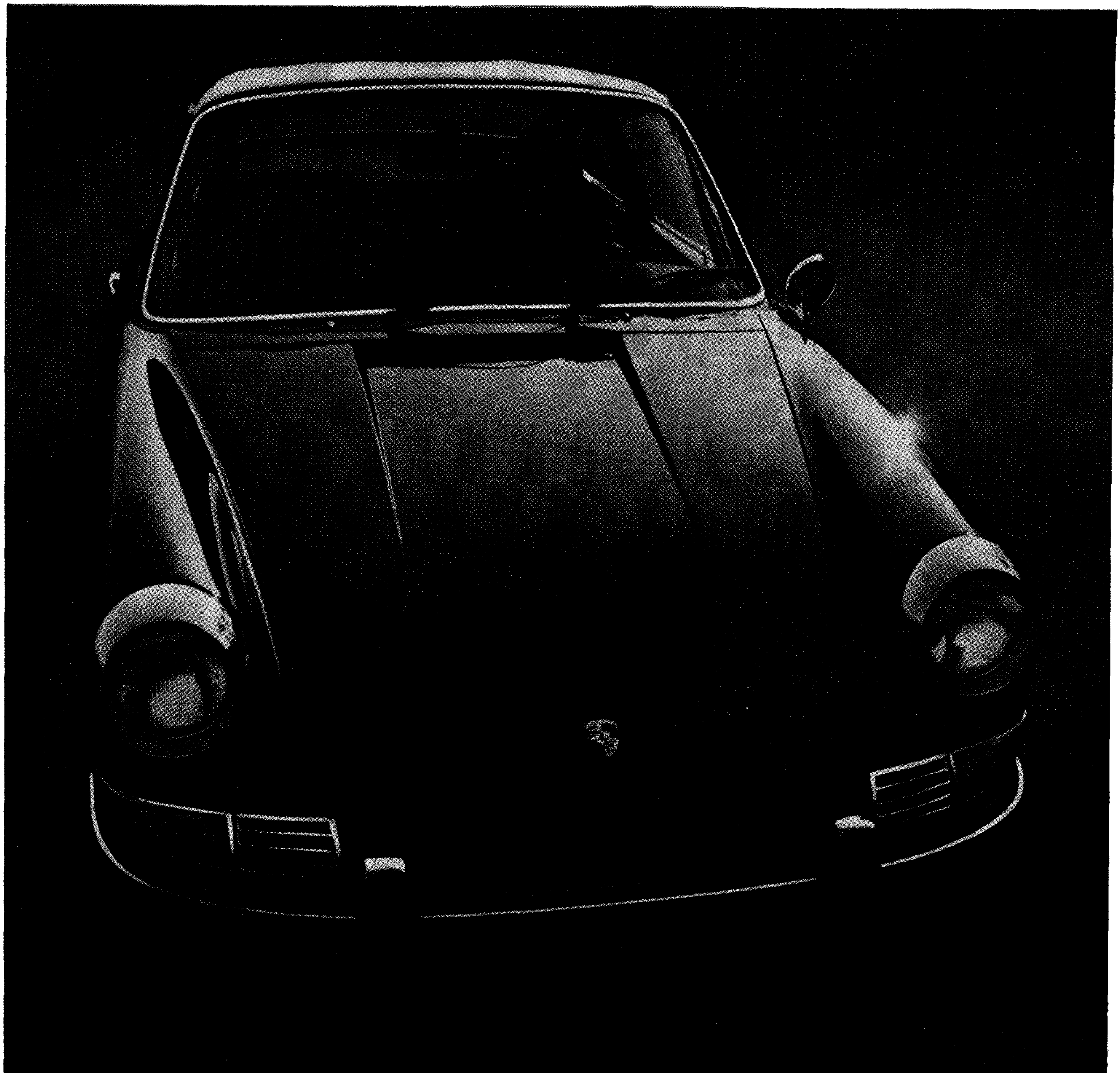

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did not have the slightest expectation of winning, but they did hope to provoke a vote in the caucus on whether or not Democrats should seek a debate on the rules instead of adopting them automatically—the traditional way. When the caucus chairman brought up the question of rules, however, it was simply to say that the rules would be passed. The question of debate was never considered. Lowenstein was astonished. He and his friends hadn't even been defeated—they had just been ignored.

Next, Lowenstein attended a meeting of the Democratic Study Group, a less formal body, consisting of about half the House Democrats, all of whom profess some degree of liberal leaning. There, too, he found that nothing outside the routine happened, or, evidently, could be made to happen.

IN the months that followed, I saw Lowenstein from time to time—at an airport, in a snack bar, in the corridors of the Longworth House Office Building, and even at his desk in the Longworth Building, after midnight, but he was always too busy working on his dozens of projects to provide me with any real idea of what they amounted to. He was commuting to Long Island and was also making trips to Biafra, Ethiopia, Vietnam, and Czechoslovakia, and to what seemed to be every state in the Union. By the time we could meet again for a long, uninterrupted talk, he had been in Congress for more than six months and his perspective had changed somewhat. The time for our talk became available when Lowenstein came to New York to pay a long-deferred visit to his mother-in-law, who lives in Sagaponack. I was to meet him at the Westbury station of the Long Island Rail Road one August day around noon. Lowenstein didn't come on the train he was supposed to be on, or the next one. When I went to telephone his home—he lives in Long Beach—all the booths were occupied, and I waited nearby. In one booth, a slim, distraught young woman tried simultaneously to extract information from somebody on the line, keep track of a child, and explain to a young man who was standing beside the booth that there had been a mixup. "Al is in Albertson," she said to him after completing her call. "No one knows where that is. He's trying to get a taxi. I suppose we'd better wait here."

I guessed that she had something to do with Lowenstein, and introduced myself. The three turned out to be Jenny Lowenstein, the Lowensteins' son Frankie, who is now two years old,

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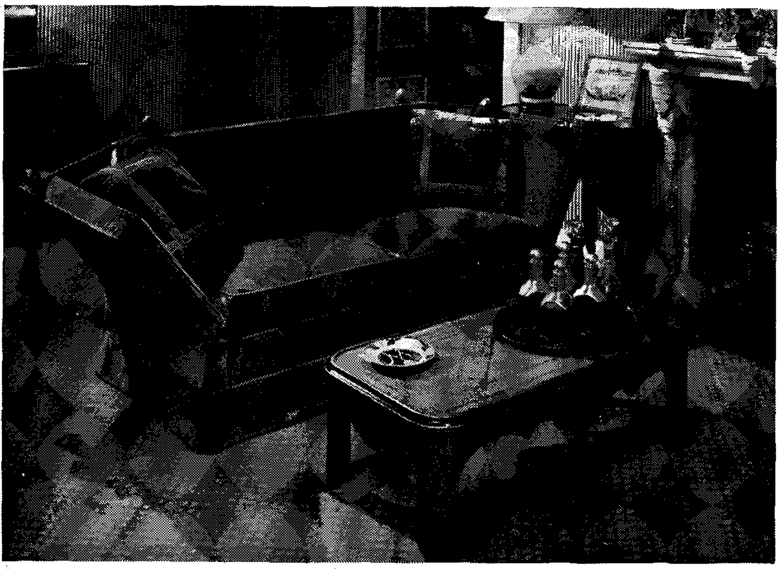

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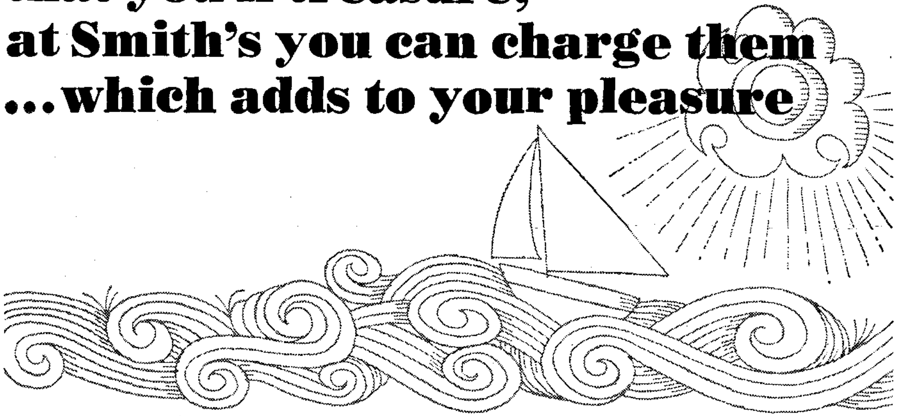

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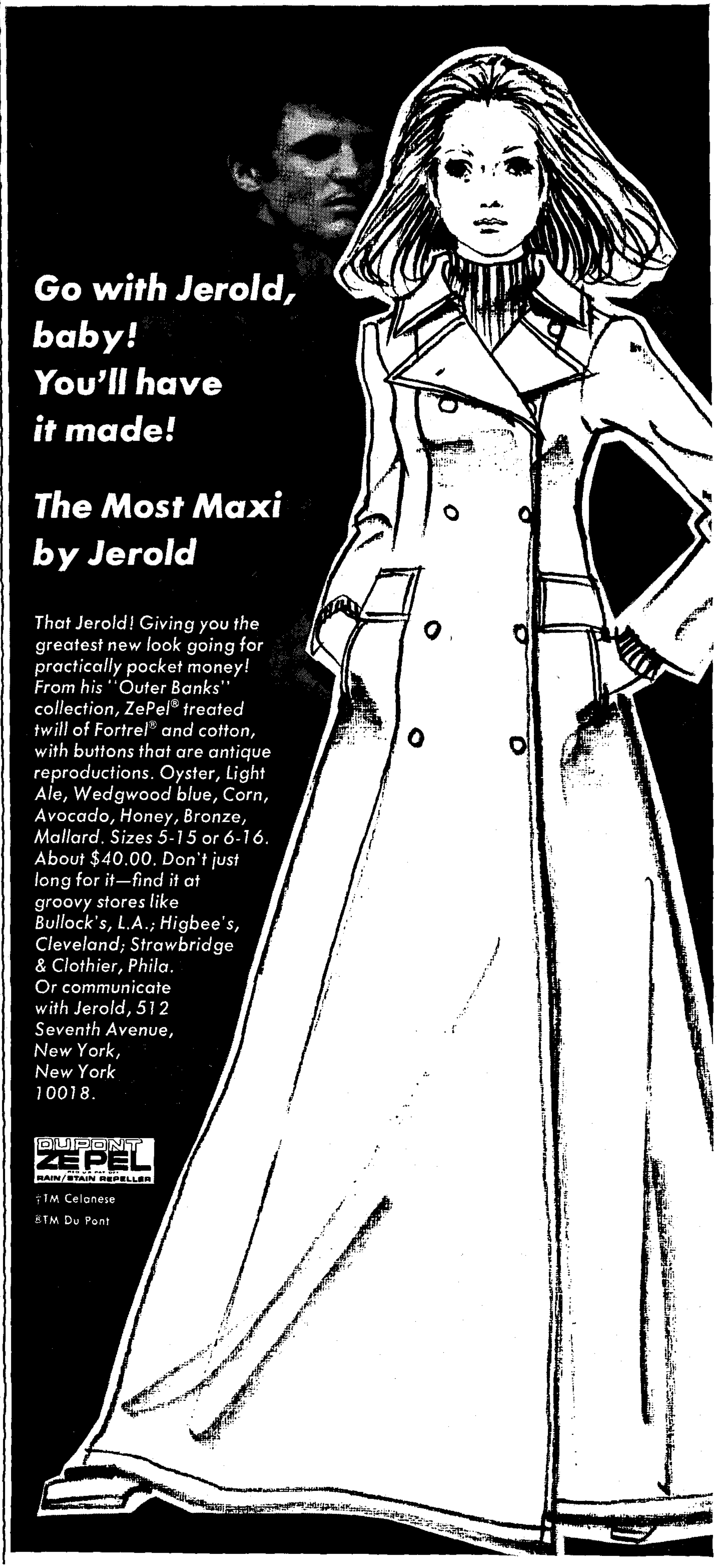
and Steven Engstrom, a University of Arkansas student who had heard Lowenstein give a speech at a college in North Carolina, had asked the university if he might use a foundation fellowship to spend the summer as an aide of Lowenstein's, and had eventually been accepted. Engstrom lived in the Lowensteins' house in Long Beach, helped run Lowenstein's district office in Baldwin, drove Lowenstein's car (sometimes as chauffeur), babysat with Frankie, and joined the Lowensteins in such other activities as writing speeches, washing dishes, arranging schedules, and doing research on local issues.

The four of us waited at the station, and at last Lowenstein, wearing windbreaker and slacks, arrived in a rattling taxi. He paid the driver, remarking proudly to his wife that, by a miracle, he had thought to put some money in his pocket the night before. Lowenstein explained to us that he had been delayed at Albertson, a stop on what is surely the slowest of the Long Island Rail Road's runs. We all piled into the family car, and Engstrom drove. Lowenstein and I were in the back seat, and Mrs. Lowenstein sat in front, clutching Frankie, who kept trying to wriggle over the front seat and onto his father's lap. Mrs. Lowenstein asked her husband if he had eaten. He said no, and she peeled waxed paper off a squashed cream-cheese-and-jelly sandwich she had brought along for Frankie. Lowenstein ate it hungrily, remarking between bites that Albertson was near his district but, thank goodness, nobody there had recognized him. (Presumably, he was grateful to be left alone for an interval.) "That's the advantage of not looking like a congressman," he said.

We all asked at once what a congressman looks like.

"Well, sort of ponderous, I guess—in a good suit," he said. "I never think of myself as a congressman. I'm sometimes surprised when people remind me that I am one. Outside Washington, congressmen aren't a dime a dozen, and people sometimes think it's quite something to meet one. When you go into somebody's house, you have to adjust to the realization that your being there may mean something to people. I think that when you realize that, you should try to be responsive to it. If people act as though they are honored by your being somewhere, you want to try not to let them feel let down or taken advantage of. Some people want to tell you what they're doing for you, how they helped in the campaign—that kind of thing. I've had to work at overcoming a long-standing aversion to publicity. For a long time, it seemed to me that doing things with publicity somehow put the motive for doing them in doubt. When I toured migrant-labor camps on Long Island, I thought I should go alone, but that was the last thing the people who were arranging the tour wanted. They wanted to publicize the conditions in the camps. That's why they wanted me to come—to attract some press and maybe some TV coverage. Often, people who want you to do things want you to do them for the publicity, so if you agree that the cause is a good one you have to work that out and live with it. You can't do much in Congress if you aren't prepared to try to spotlight some of the problems you're concerned with. More often than not, of course, the problem is how to spotlight them effectively. Then, too, you have to get used to a lot of hostile stuff—you know, jealous or bitter people who want to hurt your reputation or get your goat by impugning your motives or inventing malicious tales. If you were to let that sort of thing bother you, you couldn't do very much else. All in all, I'm glad to be in Congress. It's a good time to be there—there's so much that needs to be done. The day-to-day work is a good test of your patience, but I'm used to the long pull—to burrowing along for a while before you can see any results. People make a great distinction between being on 'the inside' and being on 'the outside,' and now I get asked a lot how it feels to be on 'the inside.' Well, I wouldn't know, because where I am is not 'inside' very much, and it hasn't made much difference in the way I try to work. It does make it easier to be heard—at least, outside Washington."

Lowenstein doubts whether he has had much success at being heard in Washington, and, particularly, in the House itself. "My view of how to be an effective congressman has changed a lot since I got there," he told me. "The biggest single difference is that I've learned that all the tests people normally use to decide whether you're a good congressman have almost nothing to do with whether you *are* a good congressman. They are really tests of whether you're keeping up a good façade—things like attending roll calls, getting your name on bills and in the *Congressional Record*, appearing active in the House. If you work at the façade, it can preclude doing what you should be doing; it can determine how you use your time and energy, and even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Atlanta–A Tale

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In 1960 Atlanta metropolitan population had just edged over 1,000,000. Even though the city had long been established as the region's commercial capital, particularly in transportation, distribution, merchandising, finance and communications, its real potential in these areas had hardly been imagined. The city was propelled forward primarily by the usual natural forces, resources, and advantages that shape most upcoming urban centers.

Yet, Atlanta was different. The men and women who formed the top echelon in civic, business and governmental activities were allied in the common effort to build a great city.

Phenomenal development of this five-county metropolitan area over the past ten years has resulted in the new Atlanta:

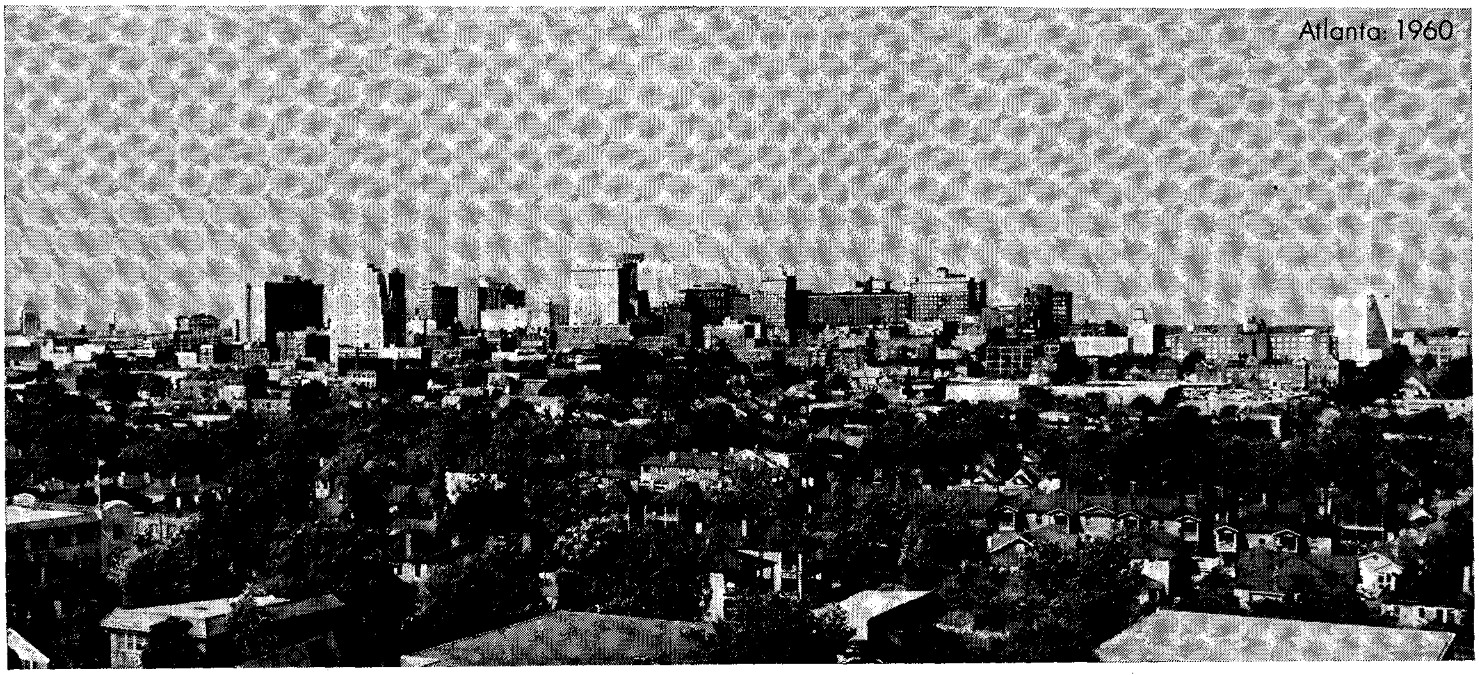
1,337,000 people (up 31%)
468,700 housing units (up 52%)
$3,411 per capita income (up 80%)
$51,000,000,000 in bank clearings (up 133%)
$2,698,835,000 in retail sales (up 97%)
14,000 hotel/motel rooms (up 211%)

In addition almost 65,000,000 square feet of office, retail, warehouse, and industrial floor space were built during the 1960s, some of it to house facilities for newcomers among the 413 of the "Fortune 500" corporations now represented here.

Atlanta Airport ranks third in the nation in daily enplanements and is linked to most major U.S. cities by non-stop jet flights. A site for a second and larger airport is being selected for greatly expanding passenger and cargo service. Founded and still thriving as a railroad hub, Atlanta is now one of only five cities where as many as six legs of the Interstate Highway System meet. The city also continues to build its position as one of the world's largest telephone, telegraph, and television communications centers.

But figures are merely arithmetic, the process by which the city's growth can be illustrated. What of the heart, the mind? What of the spirit?

In Atlanta there is a widespread sense of involvement as thousands of citizens work to shape the quality and pattern of improvement. Dollars and energy have been channeled continuously into amenities that make Atlanta one of the most livable cities in the world.



Atlanta: 1960

# of Two Cities

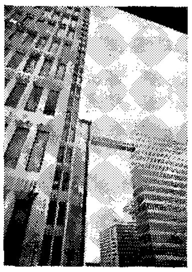
The city has added significant recreational and cultural facilities to inspire, educate and entertain its people.

Major league baseball, football, and soccer teams play to cheering crowds in the new 57,000-seat circular stadium, with major league basketball filling out the year-around schedule.

Availability of large lakes within an hour's drive makes Atlanta a major inland boating center. Racing fever afflicts thousands of fans who throng the Atlanta International Raceway for NASCAR events. And only one other snow ski club in the nation claims more members than the club headquartered here. Large newly-developed family amusement centers attract hundreds of thousands of visitors annually.

America's second-largest arts center under one roof opened in 1968. The $13,000,000 Atlanta Memorial Arts Center houses an art museum, a school of art, a symphony hall and two theaters.

The new Civic Center complex includes an exhibit hall and a large theater-auditorium, where major musicals, theater and concert presentations are staged. This new complex has also vastly expanded Atlanta's capacity for major merchandising shows and assemblies. A merchandise mart outranked in size only by Chicago's, together with many new hotel/motel facilities, has further qualified Atlanta as a national convention center Many fine restaurants, theaters, and night spots provide memorable dining and entertainment for visitors and Atlantans alike.



Twenty-two degree granting universities, colleges and advanced technical schools serve the metropolitan area. Since 1960, twelve new or expanded hospitals have opened or are under construction.

What of the future?

Atlanta enters the '70s carried forward by tremendous momentum. Its continued thrust will come from the source that lifted it from a Civil War wasteland to Atlanta '60 — and built on that base the new Atlanta '70. That source is Atlanta's people: business and civic leaders, government officials, office and industrial workers, housewives, teachers, professional men, architects and developers. White and black. Realists and visionaries. People who care.

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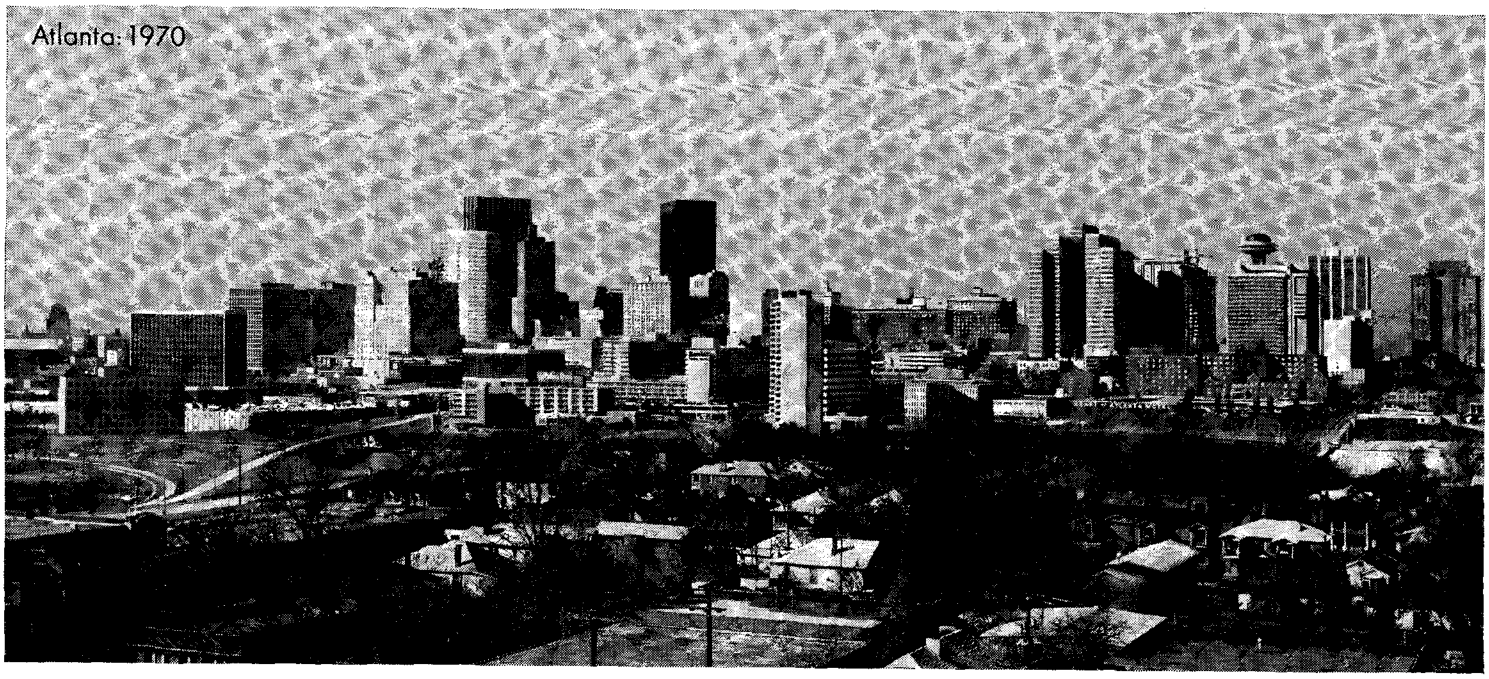
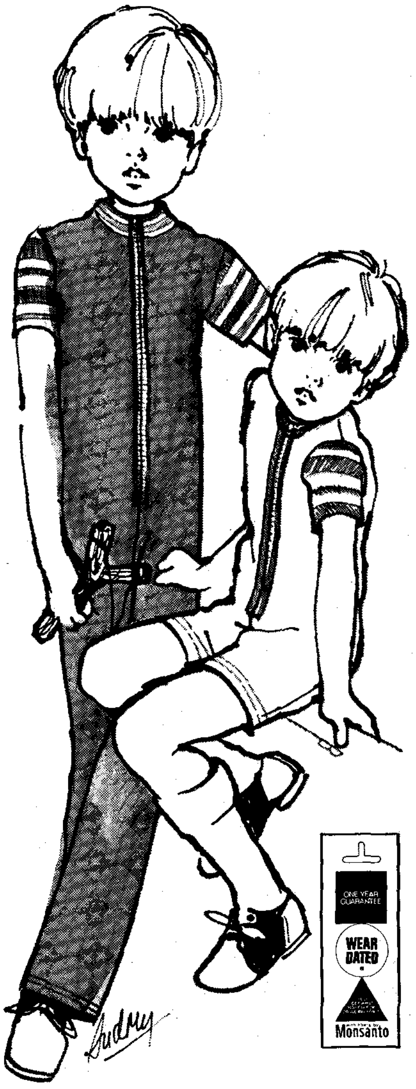


Atlanta: 1970



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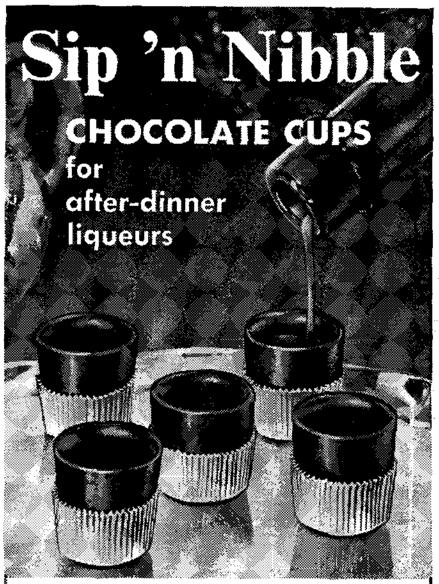
remove the incentive to do the real job. What nobody understands is that the façade is irrelevant to what Congress ought to be and what it ought to be doing. Some people who make a real effort to follow what you're doing take what they read in the *Congressional Record* as evidence of what you've done. Well, it's nothing of the kind, since almost everything that appears in the *Record* has been what is called 'revised and extended.' Or they look at your roll-call attendance, which is in large part a measure of how many times you've interrupted something you should be doing to do something pointless. It means running over to the floor and answering to your name. Which is fine if you are voting on something, but most roll calls are taken to see if a quorum is present—another part of the charade, since people leave as soon as they've answered to their names. Why would you stay to hear everybody else answer to his name? The fact is that even though the House spends more than a quarter of the time it's in session listening to everyone's name being called, there is still no clear record of how members have voted on most things that really matter. Something of great significance may be brought to the floor under what is called a closed rule, which means that you can't offer any amendments and the proposal must be voted up or down precisely as it emerged from committee. That's just plain wrong, and on basic issues like tax legislation it is outrageous. And even when a closed rule is not invoked, the House procedure prevents a recorded vote on many questions of wide interest. For instance, when most of the bills that matter are reported out to the House floor the House sits as a committee of the whole to consider them. And votes in a committee of the whole are not recorded, so on many crucial amendments there is no way to tell how anyone voted. The recorded vote on final passage often tells nothing useful, because by then the bill may have become virtually non-controversial, or may be such a hodgepodge that a simple yes or no becomes a very complicated vote to cast. The basic fault is in the way the House views itself, the way it takes its responsibilities. There ought to be a clear record of how elected representatives vote on great issues. There ought to be a way to vote separately on separate questions—that is, there ought to be a way to offer amendments. And, as far as debate or discussion is concerned, most self-respecting high-school student councils would stage sit-ins



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rather than operate under rules like the ones that apply a good deal of the time in the House."

Almost from the moment of his swearing-in, Lowenstein allied himself with a bipartisan group of younger members who had been working to bring about fundamental changes in House rules and customs. "It took a while to realize how bad some of the procedures are and how hard it is to change them," he told me. "It also takes a particular kind of guts to challenge what have come to be almost gentlemen's agreements—to risk the disapproval of those who control committee assignments, floor time during debates, and so on." In fact, after his motion to adjourn on the second day he said virtually nothing on the floor of the House for several weeks. "I learned a lot about how the place works," he said, "and my admiration grew for this small group of people who had thrown themselves into the effort to get changes at least considered."

The car was rolling through Suffolk County now, and Lowenstein sighed. "Of course, there would be a revolt if members had no way at all to go on record about things that are important to their constituents," he said. "So there are escape valves, such as the unanimous consent that the leadership always gets, just before debate on a legislative proposal ends, for every member of the House to put in the *Record* whatever he'd like to put there, as if he had spoken during the debate. Then, there are what are called the 'one-minute rule' and the 'special order.' Every day that the House meets, any member can speak for one minute on any subject. You use your minute to get up and say, 'I ask unanimous consent to revise and extend my remarks and include extraneous matter.' In the *Record*, it looks as if you'd taken on the space program, or pollution, or hunger, or anything else, but you don't have to say a word. You can just hand in a paper. If you're especially conscientious, or you feel very deeply about something, you can actually speak about it for sixty seconds, to an empty House and empty gallery. For a while, I decided never to use the one-minute rule. It seemed phony and somehow deceptive. Gradually, I came to realize that that wasn't a very sensible kind of protest, since it had no effect on anyone but me. And there is, of course, some value in getting things in the *Record*. It is read by some influential people, and it can be distributed widely. The special order is another escape hatch that eases resentments. Any member

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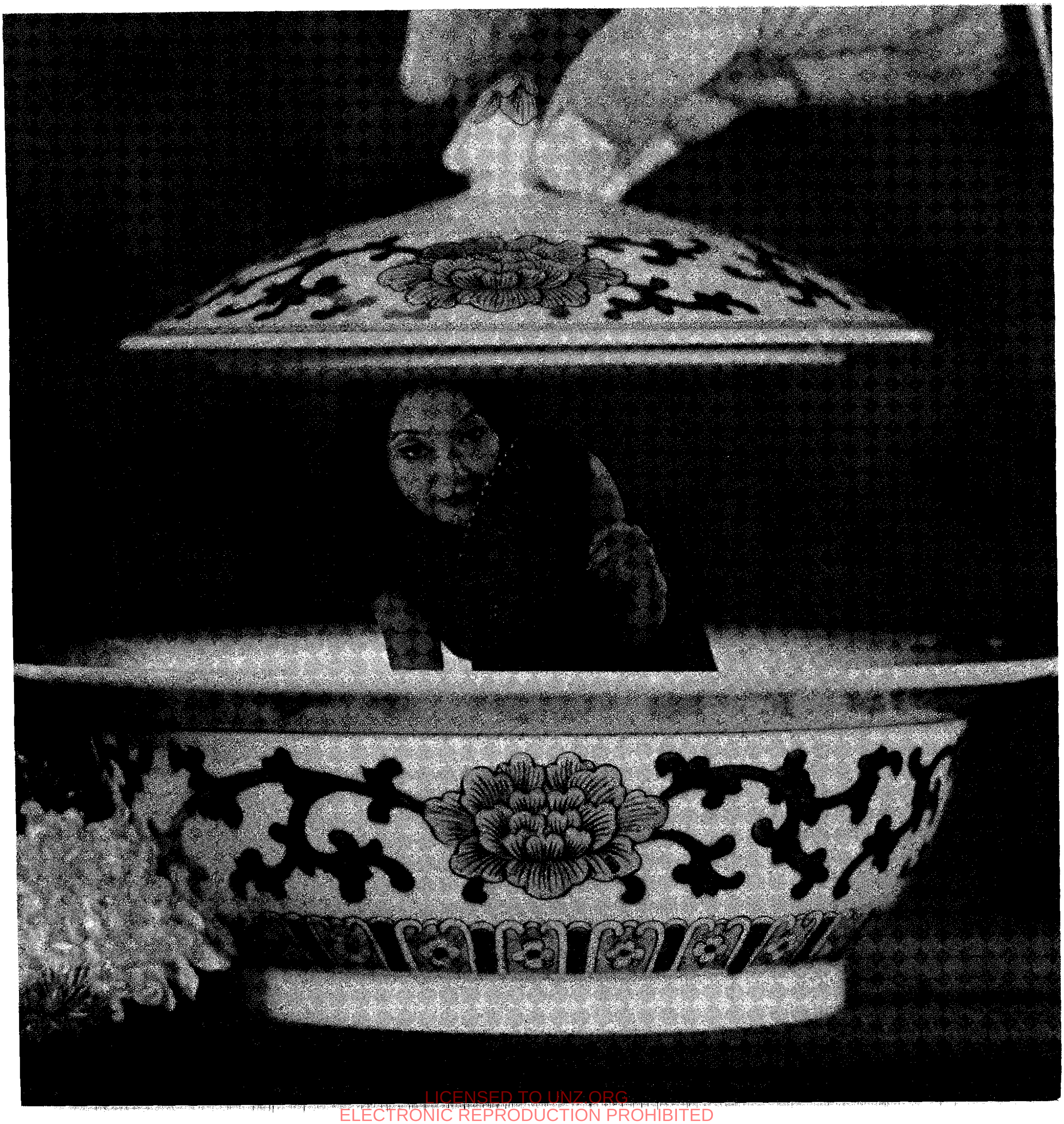

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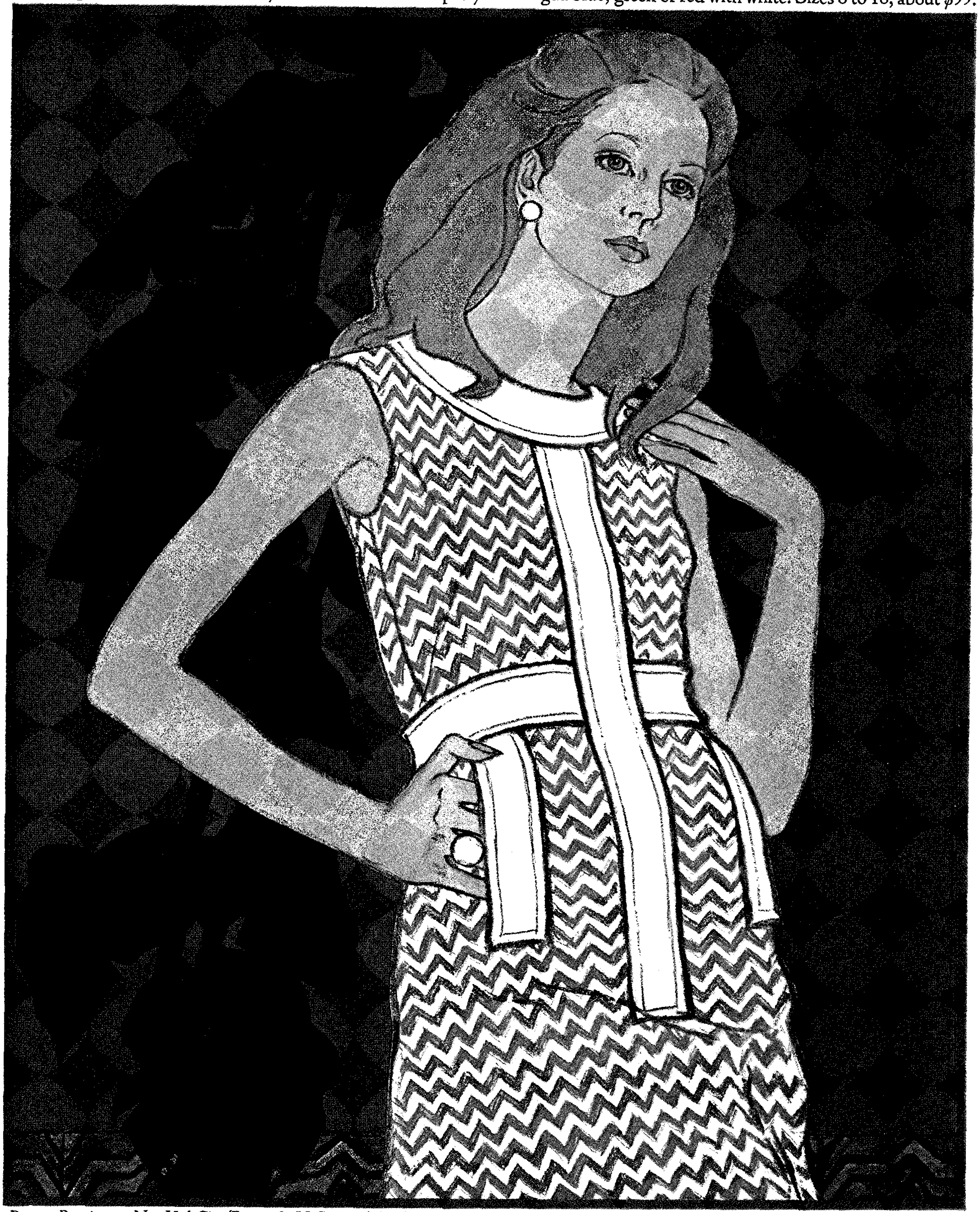

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can ask for a special order to discuss anything that's on his mind when legislative business is finished for the day. This, too, has almost nothing to do with influencing the House, but the speeches go into the *Record*. You can see that, if you play the game and accept the charade, you can give the appearance of being a very diligent congressman with relatively little difficulty. Conversely, if you're doing what you should be doing, it can look as if you were doing nothing. But more important than the effect of all this on individuals is the cumulative effect on the legislative process, and on House morale."

Lowenstein paused to think. "Another thing you have to understand is that the House, in some ways, isn't very representative," he went on. "There's almost never anyone there under thirty. Think what it tells about the place that I'm considered very young! And, of course, there are only nine blacks, when, proportionately, there should be about fifty. Almost a fifth of the population of the South is black, but there are no blacks at all among the hundred-odd Southern members, and on votes that would be of greatest concern to blacks we're lucky if we pick up half a dozen Southern votes for the position the blacks would take if they were there. And this kind of built-in unrepresentativeness is made much worse by the seniority system, which gives enormous extra power to whoever lasts the longest. The people who last the longest, naturally, are the people who come from districts least affected by the two-party system and most removed from the normal swings and political pressures that affect everyone else. The degree of dissatisfaction with all this is a measure of a generation gap as much as anything. The average member now has been in for something over five and a half terms, and that is the line that tends to divide members, more than party or ideology, on questions of congressional reform. And this reminds me of a hopeful political drift in the Congress which hasn't been noticed much yet by the press. There has been a good start toward a kind of spontaneous coalition that is not the traditional conservative one of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats. In the country at large, this coalition would be regarded as very moderate and rather middle-aged, but in Congress it passes for liberal and young. It's made up largely of newer members from both parties, who don't have much seniority, but if it keeps

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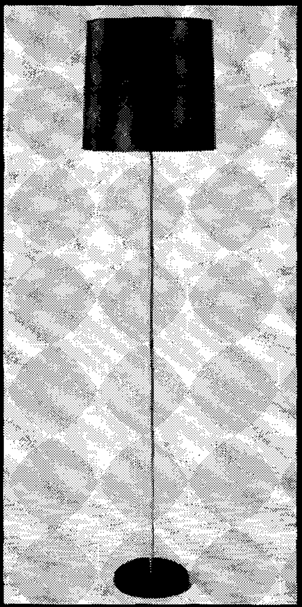

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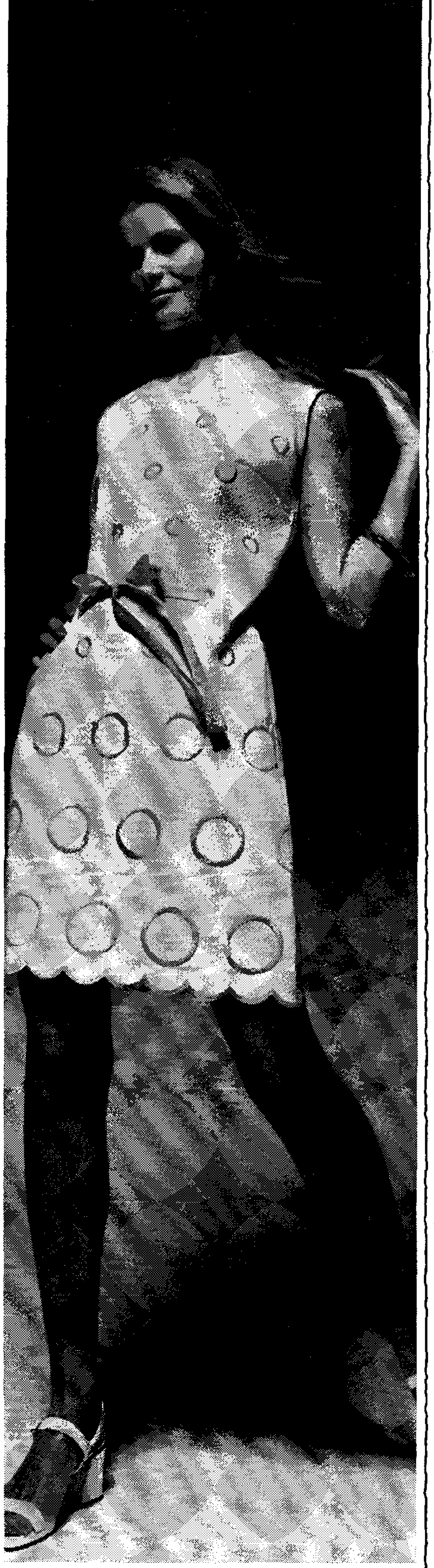

growing, one of its effects could be to make seniority less significant. That, in turn, could have a very healthy effect on the workings of the committee system. As things stand now, the committee chairmen have enormous power—they can pretty much decide on when committees meet, and if and on what to hold hearings; they create subcommittees, approve members' trips, push whatever bills they want to push, and so on. Since almost everybody on a committee wants favors from the chairman, in most committees he can run things pretty much as he likes. The majority of bills that are important to a member—because they give him prestige and convey the impression that he's doing a good job for his district—are not, in fact, controversial. Out of the more than twenty-nine thousand public and private bills introduced in the last Congress, only six hundred and forty public bills and three hundred and sixty-two private ones were passed, and of those that were actually considered relatively few were fought over. Which of the non-controversial bills that are proposed get to have hearings generally depends on the whim of some committee chairman, and that often means they depend on his good will toward the sponsor of the bill."

Lowenstein went on to discuss what a congressman should be doing, as opposed to what he is expected to appear to be doing. He divided the job into four major parts, the first of which he likened to the functions of an ombudsman. "Since we don't have that kind of official—one who deals with problems that are separate from political and general issues—every elected official has to help communities and individuals with all sorts of difficulties that have to arise in a society as complicated and impersonal as this one," he said. "Some people think that an ombudsman's functions are somehow unworthy of a congressman—that they are kind of a vote-buying device, and cheapen the office. My view is that if you aren't prepared to do that kind of work for people—who should have an ombudsman somewhere—then you shouldn't run for office. Think of what can happen to individuals in a country that suffers from bureaucratic elephantiasis. Like this morning—I was on the phone about a fellow who's in the Army. He was shot and hospitalized and hasn't got much of a stomach left. But instead of getting a disability discharge he's on orders to Vietnam. You can't find out why—it's the gigantic military machine grinding away. We got him stopped in Oakland as he was

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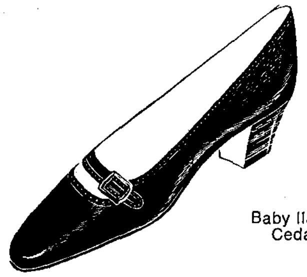

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about to board a plane for Vietnam. Now he'll be held back for a month while they make another investigation. If they decide to send him after that, you can't do anything. But holding it up this long means that there's a chance this particular absurdity won't go through, and that would be to the advantage of the Army as well as of the boy. When things like this happen—things involving a miscarriage of justice—you should be glad if you can help. Of course, people are sometimes disappointed, because they think you can do more than you really can. And if people want you to do something that is improper, you don't do it if you're working the way you should. But I've found that, most of the time, when people know you're committed to a certain view of public functions they don't ask you for improper things. Maybe they're afraid you'll react by exposing them."

We were running through Manorville now, and Lowenstein paused to look out the car window at a group of children at play. Then he resumed. "One big problem is finding time. The second part of a congressman's job—it overlaps with helping individual constituents, but it's a completely separate business—is to do what you can about community problems that come up. If a bridge collapses or some housing doesn't get built or a racial crisis develops, you have to try to help ease the situation. Sometimes that means just being there, because sometimes you can't do much more than that. Holding forums, as we have been doing in my district, can be helpful. It's important at this time in our history for people to have opportunities to express and hear different points of view about things that bother them. In Nassau County, we invite everyone to these forums, and all kinds of people come, either as speakers or just to participate from the audience. Mr. Joseph M. Margiotta, the Republican chairman in Nassau, said that Republicans mustn't come; it would 'lend dignity' if they came, he said. But he's given to making suggestions that nobody pays much attention to. We've had meetings on the war, on taxes, on the ABM, on campus disturbances, on how to finance education, and so forth. They must be interesting, because people keep coming—even Republicans, despite poor Mr. Margiotta. Some Republicans come because they believe in the principle of open forums, or, at least, want to use them if they're going to happen anyway; others come because they want you to do something for them, or be-

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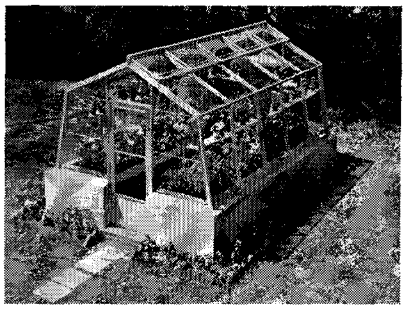

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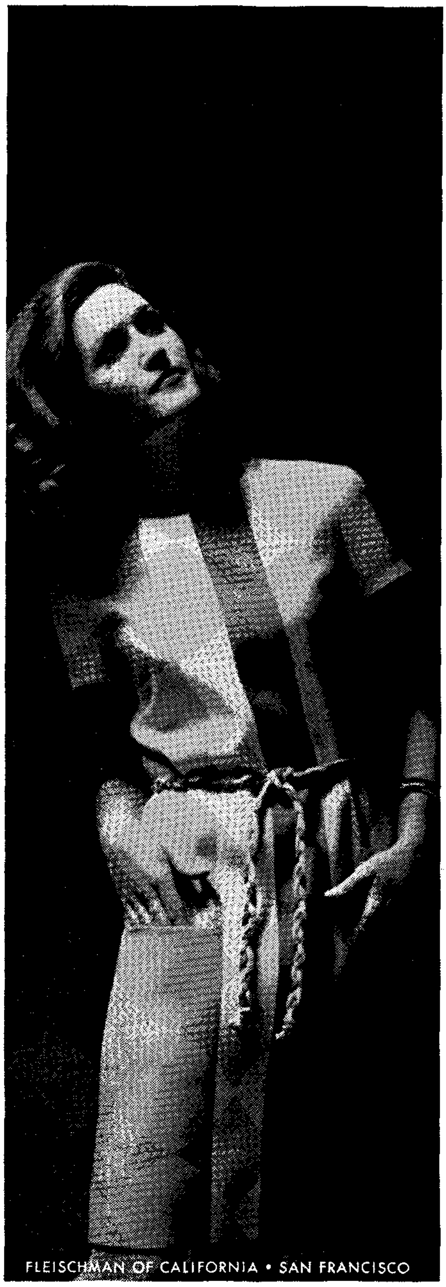

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cause they're friends. We have had some bad racial incidents in a number of towns—people beaten up and hospitalized. When something like that happens, you go to the groups and individuals who are the angriest or the most deeply offended and try to help work things out so that difficulties can be eased without further violence. Of course, where the problems cover a wider area it's harder to do anything effective about them. But the city and the suburbs, for example, do have many similar interests, and if someone were to bring people together to work regionally—to lobby in Congress, and so on—that could be helpful. However, most of the time everyone is feuding with everyone else. Politicians are afraid of potential rivals. So there's always the problem of who should lead this kind of effort.

"That gets into the question of how the parties affect government. So many of the complications created by partisanship are pointless, but I guess in our kind of setup they're natural, and maybe unavoidable. Republicans and Democrats both tend to be all for bipartisan or non-partisan efforts to do things they'll get credit for doing, and very unenthusiastic about bipartisan efforts that won't help the party, or some official the party likes. That may seem obvious, but it can make difficulties. For instance, if the Republicans are in power the Democrats will be reluctant to help the Republicans get credit for doing something non-controversial, since that may strengthen the Republicans and enable them to do things that are controversial. There's another twist to the non-partisan business. The White House is very anxious for us Democrats not to criticize Administration policy in Vietnam. Its people want us to help cool everybody down who is upset about the ambiguities and pace of the withdrawal; they say that we should give them time in Vietnam, that we shouldn't be 'partisan' about Governor Rockefeller's trip to Latin America or about the surtax, and so on. You know the argument—we've only got one President, and if we criticize his defense or foreign policy, that's partisan, and politics stops at the water's edge and anything else is not worthy of Americans, et cetera. But when we find Republicans who privately agree with us about problems that ought to be just as non-partisan, like poverty or campus disorders, the Administration all of a sudden discovers the virtues of the two-party system. So it's O.K. for them to put pressure on other Republicans not to work with

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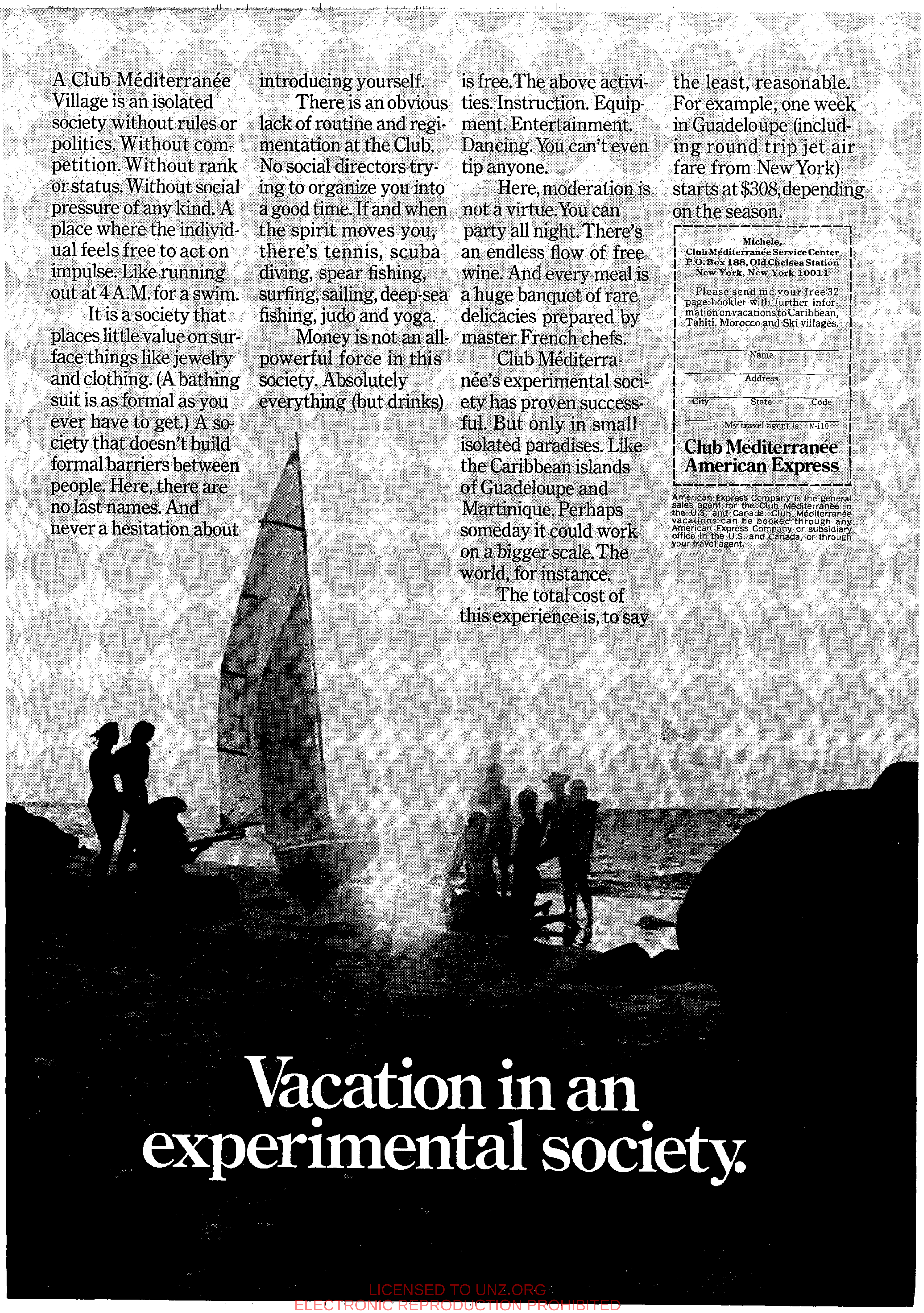

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us for programs the Administration doesn't want, on the ground that Republicans shouldn't be working with Democrats. I guess it's all supposed to be clever politics—to get us to support what the Administration is doing and still try to be sure it doesn't look as if there were bipartisan support for what we're doing. What makes the whole partisan approach especially senseless now is that neither party makes enough sense as a party to justify using the traditional distinction of party label to prevent coöperation among people who essentially agree with each other. Conservatives of both parties generally seem to understand this much better than moderates and liberals. Still, as things stand today, it seems to me there's no real question but that the Democratic Party is worth fighting for. It's come a long way in the last year or so. Do you know anyone who's hankering for a restoration of Johnsonism? I feel more hopeful about the direction of the Democratic Party than I have in a long time, and more loyal to it. On matters of conscience, though, I don't think either community opinion or party should be decisive. You should follow your conscience and do what you think should be done, then try to explain it to the community, which has a right to reject you at the next election if it feels you've gone against what it wants. I get lots of mail saying that my position on the war doesn't represent the district and I should resign, and so on. I wish there were some way the public could express itself directly on a matter as preëmpting as the war—it would reduce that feeling of being unable to influence policy which is the cause of so much disenchantment with American democracy these days. Perhaps some kind of referendum could be worked out, or an electoral test of some kind. A year is a very long time for people to go before they have a way to say what they want to do about Vietnam and everything that flows from it. Consequently, my office sends out questionnaires periodically to try to find out how people in the district feel about things like troop withdrawals, the federal budget, the draft, student disorders, the surtax—that sort of thing. I can't promise to fit my views to the results, but I do want to know what people are thinking. Then we can discuss why we differ, if we do. Where there's a substantial disagreement between a representative and his constituency, it seems to me important for both to have the chance to rethink their positions, even though

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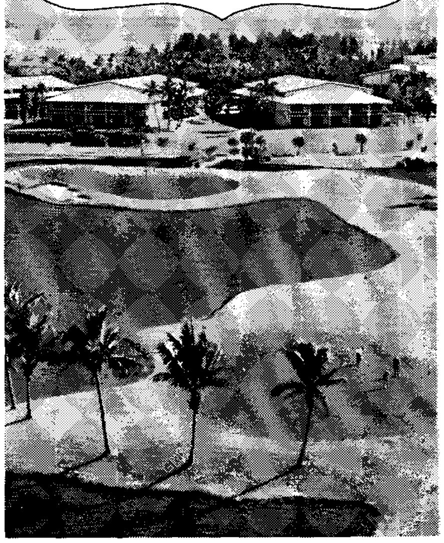

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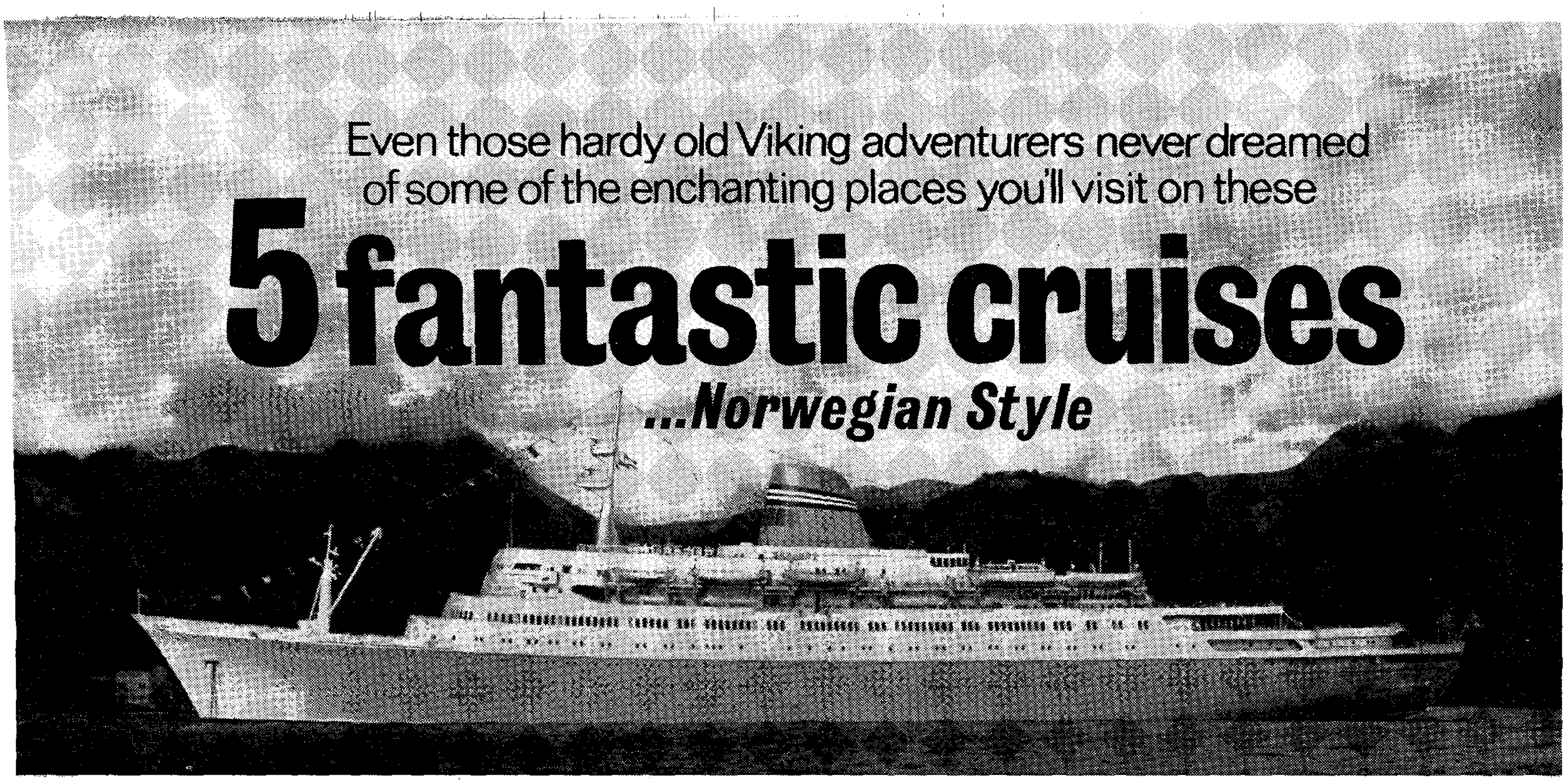

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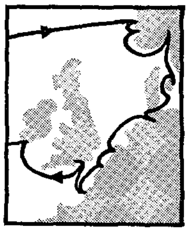

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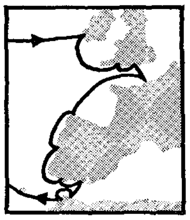

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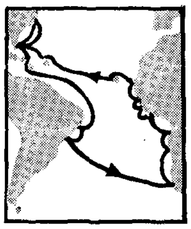

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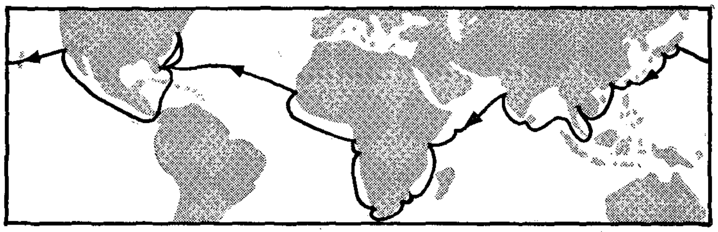

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no change may result on either side."

Lowenstein leaned back and stretched. "Another thing a congressman finds he should do is attend a lot of functions," he continued. "Some people think it adds prestige to have a congressman present—or, at least, it shows that a congressman is interested. You try to attend, since people usually can't get a senator or a governor to come. That's part of the problem of time. Do you go to one more church function, one more bar mitzvah, one more meeting of a veterans' group, one more historical-society meeting? There's always more to do, so unless you deliberately set yourself to hack out little enclaves, your personal life can become nonexistent. Droopy is going to say we don't hack out enough." Droopy is Lowenstein's nickname for his wife, and also her nickname for him.

Near Riverhead, we stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. Lowenstein had canned vegetable soup, a hot dog, a root beer, and an ice-cream cone. "That's the way he eats," his wife said. "He doesn't even notice that it all tastes like plastic." A few minutes later, the Lowensteins dropped me off at a friend's house, and we parted for the day. As it turned out, I had to wait quite a long time to learn what Lowenstein considered the third and fourth parts of a representative's job.

THE next morning, I arrived at the home of Mrs. Lowenstein's mother and found all the members of the household except Lowenstein sitting around a back-yard swimming pool. He was indoors, telephoning. When he came out, he was ready to start for his district headquarters in Baldwin, and we had arranged that he would drop me off at the railroad station there. Again Engstrom was at the wheel and I shared the back seat with Lowenstein. As we rode along, the talk turned to money, which for Lowenstein is a problem second only to the problem of time. His parents once owned a series of restaurants in Manhattan, but neither he nor his family is wealthy. He graduated from the University of North Carolina and from Yale Law School, put in two years in the Army, practiced law briefly in New York, and then taught law at Stanford, North Carolina State, and the City College of New York. Now he earns forty-two thousand dollars a year, but he says that not much of his salary stays with him. "I spend a good deal more on office expenses each month than we get in allowances," he

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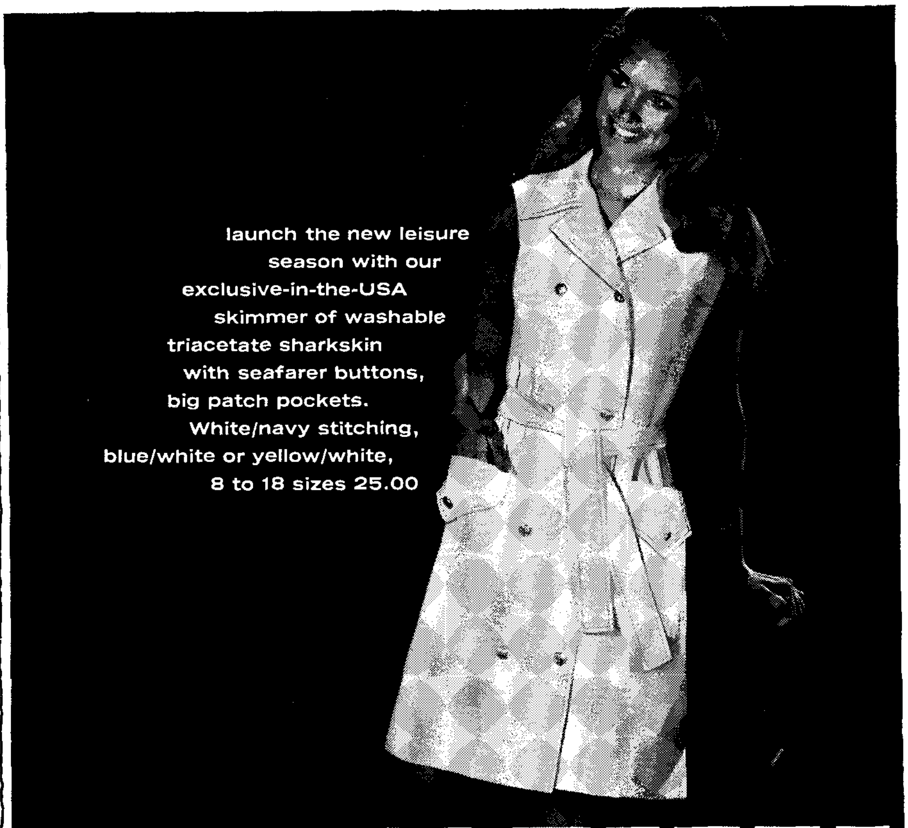
said as we drove along. "I paid my own way to Vietnam, Biafra, and so on, so even though neither my wife nor I drink or spend much on clothes, money is not our long suit. I sleep in friends' rooms in Washington to save renting an apartment there. The forums I was telling you about cost seven or eight hundred dollars every two weeks, what with the printing, the expenses of whoever speaks, and receptions before and after. I send out a newsletter every few months, so that people know what I'm doing. This costs between thirteen hundred and fifteen hundred dollars each time, and that's without anything fancy. Money is one reason most congressmen don't try to do much about many national issues. They tend to limit themselves to local questions, plus maybe one national issue they can work on through the committee they're assigned to. That's not a criticism. How much can anyone do with limited staff, and all the mail and whatnot to cope with? If you aren't independently wealthy, you can't have a staff that's capable of putting things together much beyond what you can come up with from the sources available to everyone—the executive departments, the lobbies, the staffs of congressional committees, the Library of Congress. That's one reason lobbies can be so influential. They have people who are able to spend all their time collecting data on why pollution is good for River X. What congressman can match that? And what are congressmen supposed to do about explaining the intricacies of a tax bill? So most members make their peace with the situation—they get active on some issue that is big in their district and will help them there. Another thing about money. Some members bolster their income by leaving their name on a law firm. I would find that difficult. To my mind, the question would arise 'How come you can do both?' If you aren't too busy in the House to maintain a law practice, then it's hard to believe you're doing all you should be doing in Congress. And if you aren't really practicing, why should you have your name on a law firm? Isn't that trading on the name of the Congress? Of course, some men would like to give up outside arrangements of this kind but are afraid that if they did they'd lose their financial independence—they'd be too dependent on staying elected or getting appointed to some political job. I'm not sure I should say all this until I have worked out specific proposals for dealing with the whole mess—conflict of interest, campaign expenses, the ade-



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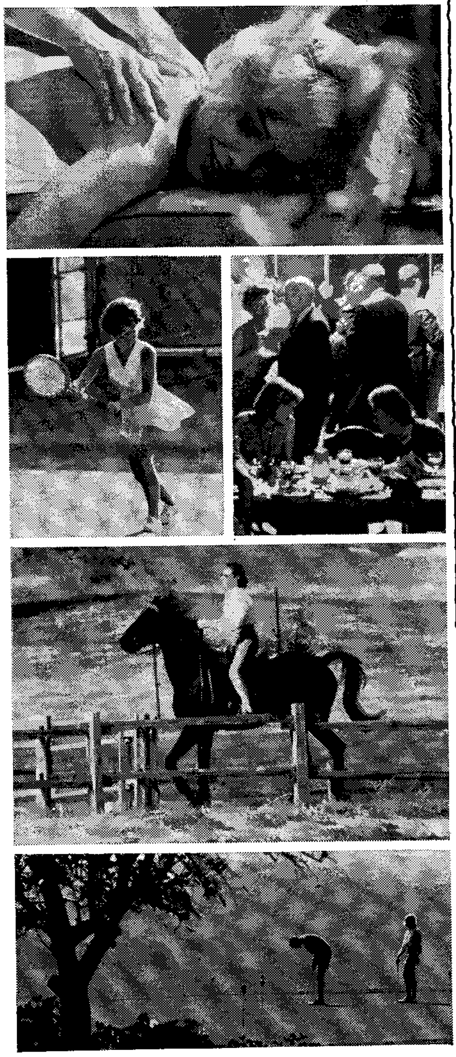

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quate financing of staffs, and the rest. It's not just the question of names on law firms. There's the problem of owning stock. Lots of congressmen get money out of things that Congress legislates about. But to limit conflicts of interest between proposed legislation and private sources of income you have to get into everything that is regulated by government agencies. So what should you do? Right now, I have to find some way to meet these expenses—the office, the trips, and so on. You can use a lecture bureau, but I'd hate to wind up speaking to the highest bidder. I made a rule when I entered Congress that I didn't want to know which speech invitations were for a fee, let alone for how much. In the long run, I guess it's better to give lectures than to be in a law firm, and better to be in a law firm than to have a source of income that might influence how you vote. As you can see, this whole problem is very complicated. And it has been ignored too long."

Shortly before we reached the station, Lowenstein, who was dressed much as he had been the day before, rubbed his hand across his chin, which was stubbly, and said, "I can't go into the office like this." He asked Engstrom to drop him at a barbershop for a shave, and we said goodbye.

THE next time I saw Lowenstein long enough to have a solid talk with him was at my apartment on a recent Sunday night. He had told me that he had to attend one of his district forums and two other meetings that evening but thought he would be free by eleven-thirty. A little after midnight, Mark Arnold, a Dartmouth senior who had taken Engstrom's place when the summer ended, arrived to pick up Lowenstein and drive him home. I told him that Lowenstein hadn't shown up yet, and asked him to wait. At one-thirty, Lowenstein arrived. When I asked if he had had any dinner or supper, he said no, so I got some food from the refrigerator, and we settled down near a coffee table to talk about what he thought a congressman should do outside his district—the two remaining parts of the four parts of a representative's job, as he saw it. But he had something else he wanted to talk about first. Since our last conversation, he said, the "procedural horrors" of the House had made his earlier comments seem far too mild. Indeed, he seemed a great deal more steamed up than he had been during our discussions in the car. "Do you know that we were not allowed to have a roll-call vote on wheth-

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er to deploy the ABM?" he asked. "And that on the Vietnam resolution the President wanted passed because it was so vital to his plan for peace, there were no hearings, and discussion was limited to four hours—which averages out to thirty seconds a member—and there was no way to introduce amendments? And we've voted on amendments to bills that appropriate billions of dollars without having amendments *explained*, let alone discussed. Half the votes on bills that matter occur after debates in which most of the newer members get forty-five seconds or a minute to speak. If only the country understood what goes on! But the whole procedure is designed to make that impossible." He pulled some papers out of a briefcase. "Here, I brought you a couple of statements I made in the House," he said. "They're pretty low-key, but they tell a little of what I feel."

I looked at the material he had handed me, which was from the *Congressional Record*. One statement was about the Vietnam resolution. "We mock democracy when we treat this resolution as if it were a footnote to a bill about fishing rights on Mars," it went. "If we do not have the opportunity for adequate debate and to consider amendments on this of all resolutions, we will simply subject these proceedings to further ridicule. Members not permitted to speak here will not thereby be silenced. They will be angered. We are becoming increasingly what we treat ourselves as if we already were . . . second-class citizens with dwindling relevance to the awful events that surround and soon may engulf us."

I asked him if he felt that indignation over such procedures was rising generally in the House, and he said that he thought it was—that the response to statements like the one he showed me had been encouraging. He said that one of his most outspoken protests had come about almost by accident, because he had been recognized unexpectedly at the end of the acrimonious debate on the military-appropriations bill. By then, it was clear that no vote on deploying the ABM would be allowed. House members had begun the chant of "Vote! Vote!" that always arises when the dinner hour is approaching and a roll-call vote remains as a block to leaving the hall. Several friendly members had counselled him not to speak, Lowenstein said, in view of the mood of the House. He could put his remarks in the *Record*, they reminded him, and no one would know he had not spoken them. "But I decided to speak," he told

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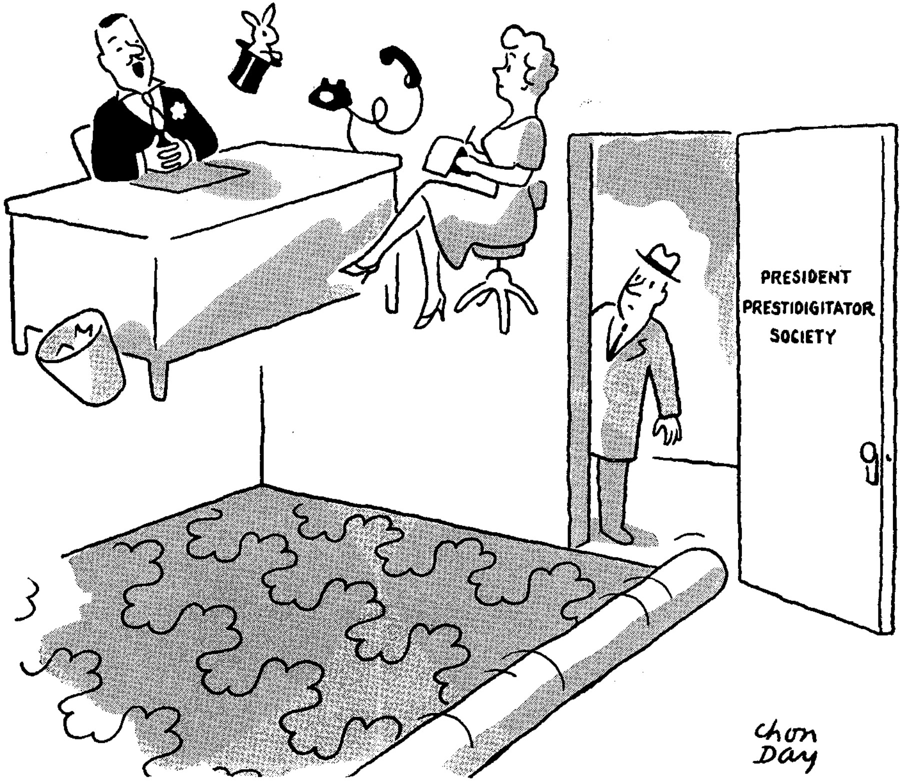

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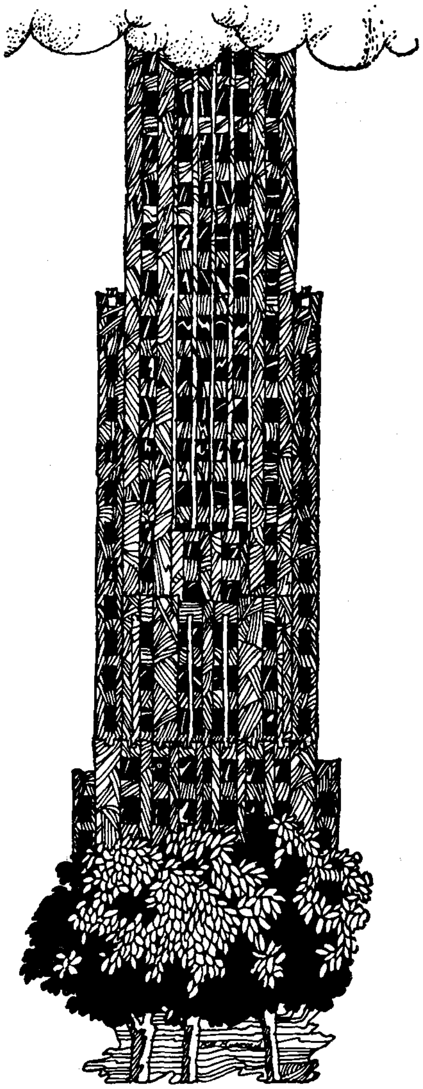

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me. "I got up and asked if anyone thought that behaving the way we were behaving would increase respect for the Congress or for the concept of representative democracy. I asked if anyone could justify rules that concealed our position on something as vital as the ABM. I ended up by saying that the House wouldn't dare to go on in its present condition—that basic procedures would have to be revised soon. I thought at the time that what I was saying would mark the beginning of a kind of ostracism in the House, but that hasn't happened. Some of the younger members were enthusiastic, and this was perhaps predictable, but the reaction of several venerable figures was most unexpected—some all but embraced me in the well of the House, and others made a point of phoning later on to congratulate me. Whatever the reason for all that, it's clear that the potential for revolt is far greater than it was a while ago. The groundwork was laid by some really good people over the years, and now it has been reinforced by concern about the war and matters growing out of the war. It looks as if we'll finally get a reform bill out of the Rules Committee sometime soon. There probably won't be much basic reform in the bill, but just getting the whole thing opened up that way will be a start, and if we can build a national awareness of what's at stake in something that sounds as dull as 'reforming Congress' we may really get somewhere eventually. I think lots of members would like to see some changes made."

Lowenstein was nibbling at an apple now, and I managed to get him to discuss the two remaining aspects of his job.

"If you simply deal with individual and local problems, you're not doing a very good job, because you've been elected to a national legislature, and that means you ought to be concerned about national needs and the national direction," he said. "That's especially true at a time like this, when very few local problems can be solved if we don't reverse the country's lockstep toward disaster. In that sense, it was particularly useful to have been elected from a Republican district after taking unequivocal positions against the war and for deep reforms at home. But how can a representative function effectively on great national questions? It's completely inadequate to say, 'Well, I'm going to vote right.' That's not the end of your obligation. It's barely the beginning. You have to be willing to take the fight outside your district,

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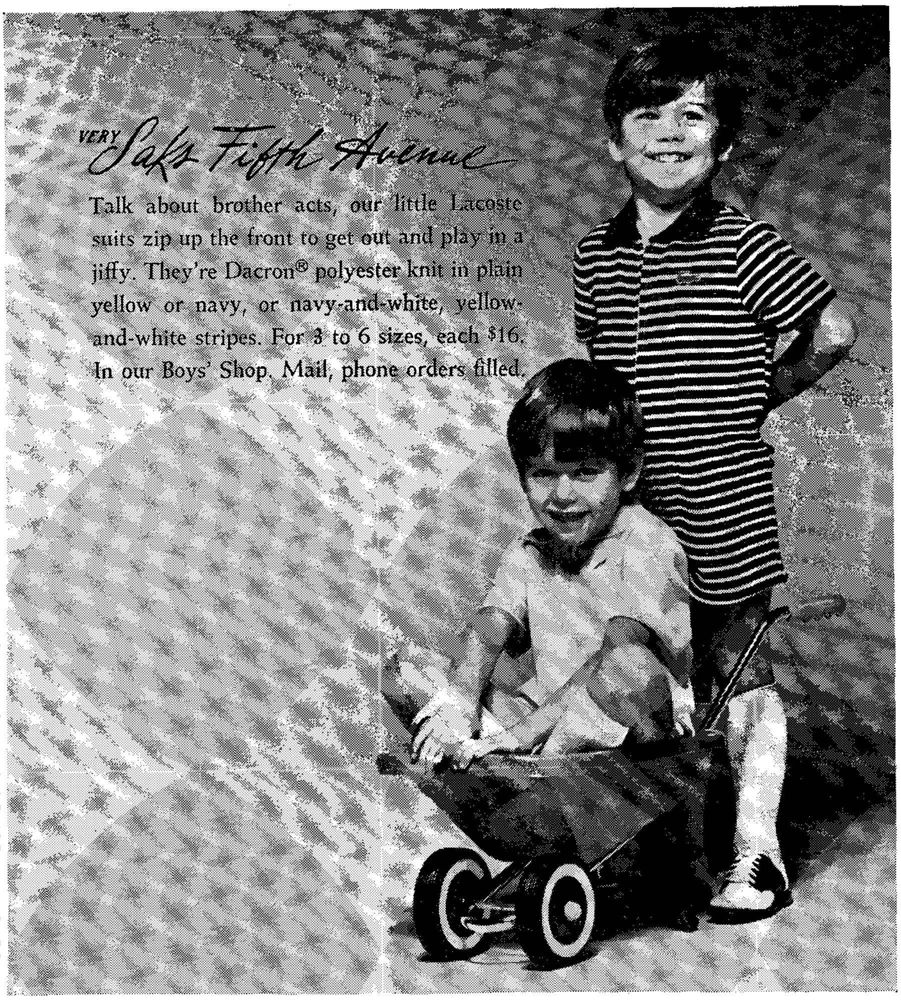
because one district isn't going to change things. You must go wherever you're able to rally support that can affect the way Congress or the President will act on these issues. About student violence, for instance—you have to go to the campuses to try to explain why it's both wrong and damaging. You could put yourself on record as opposing campus violence by denouncing it in Rotary Clubs or in the well of the House, but that would be playing out the charade again. Now, I'm not saying that giving speeches around the country makes you a better congressman. But, if you can, you ought to help to build strength around the country against policies you oppose, so that when a related issue comes to a vote some public opinion has been aroused."

Lowenstein was now sipping a glass of root beer. "Fourth, you can also do something about things that trouble you inside the Congress itself. It can be useful to talk to members about the war and the national priorities. And you can also talk to them about things that may be more important to your district than they are elsewhere. Take jet noise—not many districts have jet airports to harass them. But the congressional custom of 'You help me on this and I'll help you on that' can be brought into play and a few interested members can build a lot of support for a bill to decrease jet noise. The best place for this kind of lobbying is on the floor of the House. One member got very big on the idea of prohibiting the sale of switchblade knives by mail, and he worked so hard lobbying one by one that he got seventy-five members to back his bill. Rallying public opinion and lobbying individual members are the greatest contributions you can make to influencing the legislative process in your first term. In the House, as elsewhere, personal relations make a great difference if you want to get things done. A member may want you to speak at some function that one of his constituents has organized, or meet a delegation coming to see him, or simply come and have a drink. Then, too, if you're going to somebody's district, you try to tell him ahead of time and perhaps chat with him about your trip afterward. A while ago, when I marched in Charleston with the hospital workers, who were on strike, I called up Representative Mendel Rivers beforehand to tell him what I intended to do. It's no great secret that our political views are about as far apart as views can get, but our relationship has remained cordial. I'm not much good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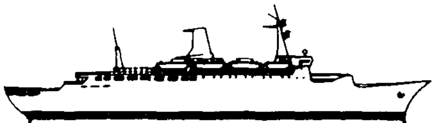

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at hating people, and there are lots of people in Congress—and out—whom I like a great deal more than I agree with. One of the unexpected things—to me, anyway—about the House is how affable the leadership is. For instance, Carl Albert and Speaker McCormack show a great deal of interest in the new members and are patient and helpful about the little things that confuse you at the beginning. Of course, if you have a great interest in getting a particular bill passed, you have to have the help of the committee chairman concerned."

I was somewhat surprised by Lowenstein's mention of Representatives Rivers, Albert, and McCormack, because it had seemed to me that throughout our conversations Lowenstein talked about the intimate workings of the House of Representatives as though it were composed of Lowenstein and four hundred and thirty-four nameless members. I asked him about this.

"Well, one of the common-sense customs is that you don't discuss other congressmen in a personal way," he said. "You can see how doing that would undermine the kind of relationships we've been talking about. Sometimes you may have to do it, but the general rule—and I think it's a good one—is to talk about the issue or the approach instead of about individuals."

"At least, one can assess congressmen in general," I suggested.

Lowenstein nodded. "They're more like seismographs than you'd expect," he said. "Most of them are rather timid, considering their relative eminence. There's a real desire to represent their districts accurately on major issues, but there's also a tendency to misread the country, partly because the cumulative effect of being in the House is like that of being in a rather pleasant cocoon. There's a serious underestimation of what leadership, including their own, could do. Most members see themselves as leaders only in local matters, and the result is that that's what they tend to become individually, to the detriment of the House collectively. It's one of the sad consequences of believing the old saw that the first rule of politics is to get reëlected. But even if Congress should now start to do much better—if the rules are changed and members begin to show more guts—the quality and direction of the President's leadership would still be the single most critical element at this particular turning point. When President Kennedy died, the country was in relatively good spirits and was mov-

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ing forward. We had great problems, but people were hopeful, and the spirit of hope was contagious. I was in Mississippi in the summer and fall of 1963, with the civil-rights movement. Life was a nightmare, but nobody doubted that we were going to win—that America would come to the rescue of her downtrodden. America was going to be something good, and even Mississippi would come around. Who feels that way now? The awful change in the national mood is the result of something more than Vietnam and the defense budget. It is the result of President Johnson's over-all conduct as well. People in a democracy get sour if they feel they are being deceived. If the top leaders of a democratic society use words to conceal, or to mislead and divide, a mood of revulsion sets in among the people—revulsion against the government and against each other. So few people are in a position to reach the country quickly, to change this kind of mood. That's why Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt meant so much—far more than all their specific programs and statements put together. And that's why the double loss of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy was so totally devastating. It's why I hoped that Nixon would do well—that he would seize the opportunity presented by succeeding Johnson. It's why I was so reluctant to criticize Nixon once he was elected. Presidential leadership could have made it so much easier to piece things together again after the nightmare of 1968. Everyone wanted to help him. If he had set the right tone and tried to move in the direction we needed to go in, the country would have moved quickly. There was really an eagerness for guidance and impetus from the top. It could have been contagious; it could have touched so many people so quickly. People wanted almost pathetically to trust a President. But Nixon seems to be frittering his moment away. He's buying popularity now at a terrible future price by promising things that are inconsistent and therefore cannot all be delivered. He has started this sad business of saying one thing and then saying another, and is thus risking the same kind of disenchantment that Johnson incurred. All this talk that Nixon can carry this state or that state in 1972 is so silly. The same kind of prophecies were made about Johnson. They mean precisely nothing three years ahead of time. People are going to judge Nixon by whether they feel that the things they are unhappy about have been changed. If he would begin,

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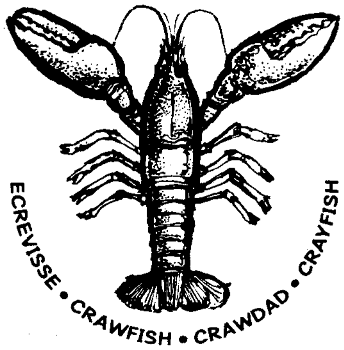

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even now, to tackle the tough things candidly, to move away from the mistakes of the past, a lot of people would rally to help him. I know I would. But the impression is growing that we're all watching a juggling act—a skillful juggling act but still a juggling act—which sooner or later has to end with things crashing to a halt."

Lowenstein leaned back and became silent for a few moments, and then went on. "If the President won't lead the country toward basic change, our job is to put together a majority coalition to work for the kind of changes that will make things better. Change in *some* direction is inevitable. What is not certain is whether it will be in a Robert Kennedy direction or a Spiro Agnew direction. In the Depression, such enormous numbers of people were hungry or out of work that you could put together that kind of coalition, based on the reality of the needs people felt. Now, even with the war, a majority of the country lives comfortably. The people who are disaffected over their economic situation don't come close to a majority. In a sense, this country suffers from its own great material success. The fact is that economic rights and opportunities are withheld from the people who are outnumbered. Out of the frustration of having no way to get things changed, or even to get represented adequately, the unhappy people who are consigned to a permanent minority can turn to upheaval and disruption. We have to make a new majority for change that will include them. And will include the middle class, too, which is miserable about inflation, taxes, overcrowding, pollution. We must make middle-income people understand that solving their problems is related to solving the problems of the poor. It's not the poor who are getting the money out of the middle class—it's the war, the so-called defense budget. The middle class pays a disproportionate amount of taxes not because of welfare but because of oil companies. And what is collected unfairly is spent absurdly. What the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns were doing—and I think everyone knows this by now—was bringing together the poor, both black and white, and the lower-income middle class, and the Spanish-speaking people, and great numbers of relatively well-off Americans who are upset about the war or discontented with the quality or style of life in this country. All those people together would make up quite a majority, and that was the basis of the 1968 alliances. It was what elected me. If there were effective national

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leadership for that kind of alliance now, it would carry the country. But, given the urgency of our situation, I am not optimistic about where the country is headed if the President can't soon be made to realize what's going on and to try to do the things that are so desperately needed. First of all, I think we are going to come apart as a people if we don't get out of Vietnam soon, and that would mean paying for this extended national stupidity with an eternity of awfulness. What might be worst of all about that would be realizing how close we came to getting started in the right direction. You might almost say that the margin was one bullet. I wonder what would have happened to us if Franklin Roosevelt had been killed in 1933. Could we have coped with John Nance Garner and the Depression at the same time? It's frightful how much more this country needs and misses Robert Kennedy now than it did even a year and a half ago. But saying that simply underscores how much harder we must work than we have been working."

IT was now nearly 4 A.M., and Lowenstein and Arnold had to go. In a few hours, Lowenstein would be back in Washington. Just before he left, he said, "I don't know what I will do if the effort to bring change through electoral democracy fails. The far left thinks—really, hopes—that an explosion is inevitable. You know the line: the whole society is hopelessly sick and Vietnam is only a symptom. I think that's untrue. But if enough people came to believe that—came to feel that it no longer mattered what they said or did—the belief could lead to our undoing. The only thing I'm sure about is that we must not fail simply because we didn't try, and try with all the energy and brains we can muster. If we did fail, would I join the revolution? Would I leave the country? After all, I would be obsolete. But I don't engage in the luxury of wondering what I would do if the effort shouldn't work. I'm committed to the notion that it *will* work." —FLORA LEWIS

•

Australian eastern time is now 15 hours ahead of New York time so that it is 9 a.m. in New York when it is midnight the same day in Australia. In our November 5, 1969 issue (no. 69/44), we stated—incorrectly—that New York time was 15 hours behind Australian eastern time.—*Australian News Weekly Round-Up.*

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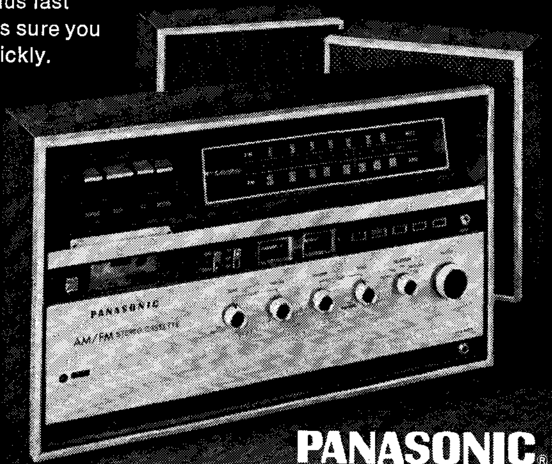

THE THEATRE

LAST OF THE RED HOT THEORIES

I BEGIN to perceive that I may have been unfair to Neil Simon in pursuing over the years a theory about him which has been, after all, entirely inside my head and not his, and which I have therefore had no reason to grow impatient with him for failing to live up to. The awkward fact of the matter is that I have thought I could detect a certain figure in the brightly colored wall-to-wall carpet of his work, but Mr. Simon has now made it plain that the figure isn't there and never *was* there; moreover, he has proceeded to pull the carpet itself right out from under me. Discomfiting as this is, I will be the better man for it—as long as a playwright is engaged in making a career, we do well to avoid the temptation to utter pronunciamentos on the nature and purport of that career, sternly contenting ourselves with opinions of the individual plays as they arrive. After Mr. Simon's dazzling "Barefoot in the Park," which, though but an airy, negligible anecdote, filled a whole evening with delight, I wondered whether he wasn't going to lead comedy in a new direction—one in which a continuous free association of homely, amusing small talk would take the place of the usual carefully carpentered box of self-triggering gags and predictable sudden reversals of fortune. It was evident that Mr. Simon had what amounted to a genius for badinage, and it occurred to me that he could elevate this into an art form of his own, blessedly free of the Victorian clutter that has hobbled the comedies of most of his Broadway contemporaries. To my dismay, Mr. Simon has shown no interest in becoming a sort of Beckett of banter. His plays have grown ever more cautious and better made, which is to say more old-fashioned, and his latest hit, "Last of the Red Hot Lovers," which should fill the Eugene O'Neill for much of the coming decade, is by far the most old-fashioned play in the Simon canon. With this one, he strikes me as marching straight back into the nineteenth century; it is a curious development, but I have learned my lesson, and wild horses could not drag from me a portentous generalization about it. Tame horses, which are more my line, might just worry out a single mild and tentative speculation: that Mr. Simon, not having heeded my theory, has heeded one held by many other admirers, to the effect that it was time his plays had more than mere funniness in them.

"Mere" funniness, indeed! Yet Mr. Simon himself appears to consent to this view of the proper course for him to follow. In a recent interview in the *Times*, he indicated that one more ha-ha hit was the last thing he wanted: "If the critics said this is the funniest play, go and laugh your head off, I would have been very depressed." He holds "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" to be something new for him; he calls it a serious comedy, and I fear that he intends to display a still greater degree of seriousness in the future. It is a grave misreading of his gifts, for Mr. Simon's so-called seriousness has a banality of insight not easily to be distinguished from that of soap opera. When he tries to dramatize his no doubt deeply felt emotions in respect to old age and death, to say nothing of such abstractions as goodness and decency, he rises with difficulty to the level of a high-school essay. (One imagines a composition entitled—in the fashion of "How I Spent My Summer Vacation"—"Why I Do Not Want to Die Without Having Had More Interesting Experiences Than I Have Had So Far.") Mr. Simon's clumsy grapplings with Real Life are being saluted as signs of a newfound compassion and a new breadth of vision on the part of the mature playwright. They are nothing of the sort. However depressed the author may be to hear it said, "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" is a very funny play, and when you go to it you will laugh your head off, but it is also synthetic, and compassion and breadth of vision would have been thoroughly out of place in it.

The play is already so famous that it would be supererogatory to say more about its plot than that it concerns a forty-seven-year-old restaurant owner—fat, shy, uxorious, and smelling of oysters—who is beginning to suspect that life, instead of having been kind to him, has simply passed him by. He makes three hard-breathing forays—one to each act of the play—into extramarital romance, and each fails. In the end, in a repellent last pat of dramaturgic neatness, the hero summons his wife by phone to come at once to the apartment in which he has been rebuffed by the other women; he can at least succeed with her, if what he hopes to accomplish by their coupling deserves to be called success ("Why Old Wives Are the Most Fun After All"). James Coco, a comic actor of exemplary refinement of technique, plays the role of the bumbling hero, and the three prospective seducees are admirably depicted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. The single set, by Oliver Smith—an apartment described in the dialogue as modern but boasting the wide, arched openings of the twenties and thirties—is surely uglier than is absolutely necessary. The director is Robert Moore.

THE most interesting play I have seen in the past year is Charles Gordone's "No Place to Be Somebody," which, having played for several months at the Public Theatre, has been brought uptown to the "showcase" ANTA for a run of two weeks. It is a melodrama crammed with violent deeds that are always manifestations of some genuine passion (envy, greed, lust, revenge), and its climax risks a downright Elizabethan profusion of corpses. Mr. Gordone is as fearless as he is ambitious, and such is the speed and energy with which he causes his characters to assault each other—every encounter is, in fact, a collision—that we have neither the time nor the will to catch our breath and disbelieve. The language of the play is exceptionally rough and exceptionally eloquent; it is a proof of Mr. Gordone's immense talent that the excrementitious gutterances of his large cast of whores, gangsters, jailbirds, and beat-up drifters stamp themselves on the memory as beautiful. "No Place to Be Somebody" is a first play, and there are problems of construction in it that Mr. Gordone has not been able to resolve, but what a formidable début! The company at the ANTA is nearly the same as the one that put on the play at the Public Theatre; notable in it are Ron O'Neal, Nathan George, Henry Baker, Walter Jones, and Marge Eliot. The director is Ted Cornell, and the set—a seedy bar down in the Village—was designed by Michael Davidson. There are only a few days left in which to see “No Place to Be Somebody,” and I advise you not to miss it. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

All in the Family

“FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE,” by Charlie L. Russell, is a farce full of the lovely hokum that we’ve been missing for so long, and as it goes its rollicking way it pinks all the ideas and currents of feeling that are blowing through Harlem right now. The play, which is on view to subscribers at the American Place, is loose-limbed, to say the least, and what plot there is concerns a respectable Negro family named Brooks and its friends and cronies in a state of rebellion. The principal rebellion is a domestic one against the bossy head of the household, who is a pillar of conservatism, self-righteousness, and misogyny, so full of financial tranquillity that, according to his younger son, an anthropology major and a swinger in the black movement, he confuses himself with General Motors. Actually, he owns and operates a successful barbershop, which is a bastion of male supremacy. Chief among the rebels (once she is egged on) is his put-upon wife, grown dim under his tyranny and seldom allowed, even by her children, to finish a sentence. The character is the first Negro matron I have seen on a stage who is drawn with affection and no sentimentality whatever. The other members of the family are an older son, who sports a dashiki but is a secret ally of his father’s, and a merry, charming daughter on the brink of matrimony. All ends at the daughter’s wedding reception, with everybody loving (or getting along with) everybody else. Before that, there is a great deal of action, but the play is roomy enough for it, and for a great deal of clowning, too, with at least one true comedy performance, by Judyann Elder. Mrs. Elder appears as Stormy Monday, a glamorous specimen of the New Woman in eruption, who has sized up the enemy long before we meet her, and found him wanting. Dressed in a dazzling combination of black-and-white checkered jacket and black-and-white striped pants, and with long sparkling earrings, her good looks and caustic femininity take all taint of sour grapes from her militant, anti-man position. It is she who is Mrs. Brooks’s egger-on, and it is she, in the funniest

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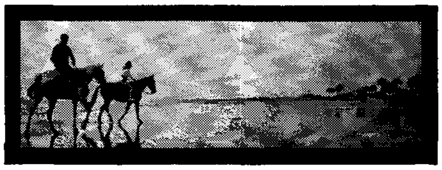

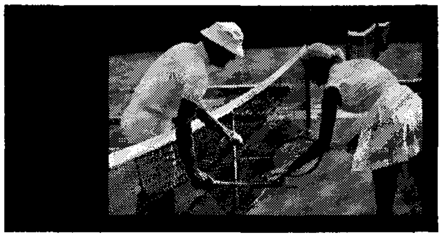

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scene of all, who talks Mrs. Brooks out of a hair-straightening appointment and into a home shampoo and a "natural" hair style. I also enjoyed the comic turns of Kirk Kirksey, as Rolls Royce, the local numbers man, who comes into the barbershop to garner the day's bets, and whose spiel and its delivery are astonishing; Tchaka Almoravids, as a customer called Fun Loving, an uptown sophisticate in a bright-purple suit and hat, and with another fast and mystifying line of chatter; and Gerry Black, as Sweetmeat, a sunny-natured assistant barber and shoeshine specialist. The names of the characters should give you a clue to the spirit of the show. A lot of the acting could be better, and I think that many of the speeches could be more clearly delivered without sacrificing authenticity or throwing off the timing. "Five on the Black Hand Side" hasn't much to offer to devotees of the well-made play, or to the college-seminar bunch, or to the abstract-noun gang, but there is more fun in it than in anything else I've seen Off Broadway this season, and in the midst of all the flapdoodle there is a sense of people at a time and in a place. The scenery and costumes—especially good—were designed by Edward Burbridge and Gertha Brock, respectively, both of the Negro Ensemble Company. The title, by the way, refers to a kind of handshake or hand tap, with the backs of the hands—the black sides—touching.

EVEN though I smiled a couple of times during "Love Your Crooked Neighbor," late at the Cherry Lane, I have no idea why, nor could I figure out what Harold J. Chapler, who wrote this odd piece of cutting up or kidding around, had in mind, other than nebulous mockery. There were five characters—a pair of young lovers, the boy's mother, his stepfather, and a gangster-Shylock—and a number of scenes and flashbacks, accompanied by soap-opera organ music and musical effects. The only reason for mentioning the show even this briefly is to note that Robert Weil played the gangster with refinement and authority, and that Cara Duff-MacCormick, as the girl, showed an odd and arresting quality onstage that may someday amount to something.

—EDITH OLIVER

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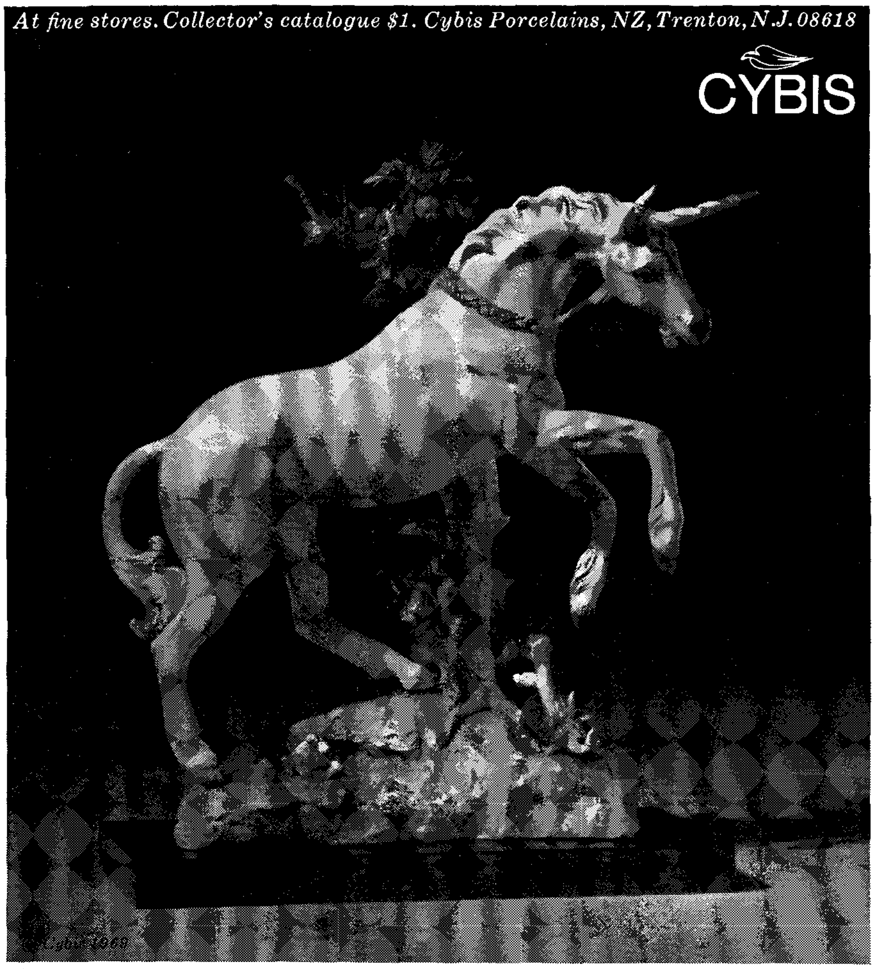
MUSICAL EVENTS

Back in Business

AFTER more than three months of darkness because of labor troubles, the Metropolitan Opera at last opened its season on Monday night. It was, on the whole, a rather subdued opening, with very little flashy dressing and no great hullabaloo over notorious people. The opera, too, was a bit subdued. It was "Aida," with a cast of old faithfuls—obviously not very thoroughly rehearsed but certainly a great relief to starved opera buffs—and the house was crammed, along with the usual supplement of standees. It is, perhaps, unfair to criticize a performance pulled together so quickly and done by artists who happened to be available. Leontyne Price, without question our greatest Aida, was the star of the show, and she sang as beautifully as ever. Richard Tucker deserves the honors that should be paid to a fine artist who is no longer in his prime. He had to shout for emphasis now and then, and his high notes in "Celeste Aida" were bellowed. Never mind; I remember Tucker when he had a voice and a grace of style that can be matched by few, if any, tenors singing today. Irene Dalis, as Amneris, sounded hollow from time to time, but she sang splendidly in the last act. Robert Merrill was the Amonasro. He is no actor, and a suit of long brown underwear in lieu of body make-up did not help his presence. That his voice is still a fine one is almost beside the point, for Amonasro is an acting role first and a singing one second. John Macurdy's Ramfis and Raymond Michalski's King were acceptable enough. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducted a performance that was accurate but not very inspired, and the orchestra—now, I understand, the highest paid in the world—did not earn its keep. It is going to take considerable time for the Met to regain its stride, and we must be patient. It was remarkable to see the complicated ballet sequence in the Triumphal Scene come off without any important hitches, even though the usually adroit transition from Act II, Scene 1, to the Triumphal Scene was this time done behind a lowered curtain.

Well, the Met is back in business, and the fact serves to remind me what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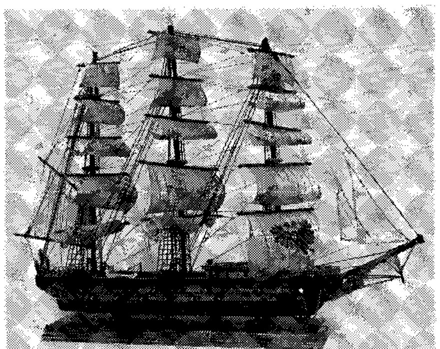

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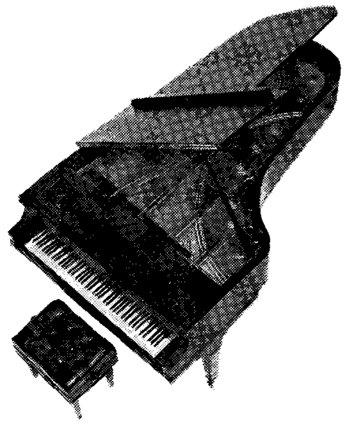
we opera buffs have missed during the months of darkness. Whatever criticisms I have made of the Met in the past, certain facts remain—and they are important ones. It is not only one of the great opera houses of the world but one of the two great opera houses that preserve a tradition of singing operas in their original languages, the other being London's Covent Garden. Moreover, its season is longer than Covent Garden's, and it presents almost twice as many performances per week. All things considered (and one of them is that Covent Garden shares its season with the Royal Ballet), the Met puts on far more big-league opera than London does, and this includes a larger number of new productions per year. It is true that the Vienna State Opera has a longer season than the Met, and that La Scala (including ballet evenings) has one that is very slightly longer. But neither Vienna nor La Scala has the Met's original-language policy—and if you have ever heard "Carmen" sung in German or have attended "Il Crepuscolo degli Dei" (which is Italian for "Götterdämmerung") in Italy, you will appreciate what a difference this makes. It is true that the Met's recent performances of French opera have been somewhat defective, owing largely to the poor French enunciation of the Italian singers who have undertaken the principal roles. But fine French singers are in short supply at the moment, and for some reason the Met has not cast Americans with good French diction as principals in its French productions. There have been ups and downs. The Jean-Louis Barrault "Carmen" was one of the worst disasters in Metropolitan history. Fine old productions have now and then been succeeded by mediocre new productions—"La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore" are examples of this. We haven't been presented regularly with the world's greatest conductors, and the purely musical side of the Met's performances has, in consequence, not always been distinguished. Such American operas as the Met has presented recently—excepting "Vanessa" and "The Last Savage"—have been instant flops. The repertoire remains glued to the museum concept, with few adventures into the contemporary field. And this season we have already lost planned productions of "Boris Godunov," "Orfeo," "Siegfried," and "Der Freischütz." But let us forget these weak spots for the moment. We have a splendid opera company. Its singers are, by and large, the finest obtainable in the international



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market, and many of them are Americans. Every opera buff, as well as every person interested in the cultural prestige of our city, will be thankful that the company is on its feet again.

Certain lessons can be gained from the times of trouble we have recently experienced. It is quite obvious that the Metropolitan is going to have to make changes to keep up with the times, and that these changes should not have to be brought about by the more or less violent pressures involved in a labor situation like the one we have just been through. That situation cannot properly be described as a "strike;" it was technically a lockout, for it was the management that took the decision not to proceed. One is apt to forget nowadays just how archaic the structure of the Metropolitan Opera's management is. The Met was founded eighty-seven years ago as more or less a private club for the wealthy and those who considered themselves to be New York "society." They, of course, permitted the general public to buy tickets and attend. But half of the show was the ladies and gentlemen of the "aristocracy" in the boxes exhibiting their boiled shirts and jewels. Accordingly, the Met's board of directors was made up of wealthy men and women, not all of them vitally concerned with opera. They gave generously, for the most part, in making up the Met's deficits, but, apart from a few closely involved individuals like the late Otto H. Kahn (to whom, by the way, a box was denied for many years), they took their opera as a social occasion. Now, it was quite natural that under these circumstances the board would import a socially glamorous impresario from Europe (much as they might have imported a tub of caviar), put the whole responsibility for opera production in his hands, and forget about it. And if they chose to do things that way, who was to question them? After all, they were paying for it.

But times have changed, while the Met's board of directors has not. Today, a good deal of the Met's tab is being picked up by large corporations, and I suspect that before long the government will take an interest in its deficit. The people who constitute the Met's board of directors today are no longer its principal source of financing. When a crisis like the recent one arrives, one finds that the board consists largely of bankers and lawyers, with an eminent banker in the key negotiating position. And nobody on earth has less experience in labor matters than bankers or (unless they happen to be labor

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specialists) lawyers. The Metropolitan's board of directors should be thoroughly changed. It should, for artistic reasons, include at least one professional musician. It should include more than one representative of labor, a singer or two, representatives of the big corporations that now help foot the opera house's bills, and even—let me cross myself here—a couple of leading political figures. The new board should be oriented toward the future of opera in America, and should be conscious of the work of other operatic organizations in the country—such as the San Francisco, Chicago, Santa Fe, Seattle, and Dallas operas. It should take a vital interest in the training and development of young American singers and conductors, and be proud of letting them come to maturity. Above all, it should be absorbed in the problems of the opera house—not only the financial problems but the artistic problems, too—and its taste should be such that it can participate in the opera-making process, helping the general manager to obtain the services of fine artists and new productions, and not being afraid to express its approval or disapproval of what he is doing. There has for a long time been a sort of credibility gap between the general manager and the board. Too little information has passed between them. I do not wish to convey the idea that there should be too many cooks at the Met, but only that those served at table should complain loudly if what they are presented with does not live up to certain standards.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

●

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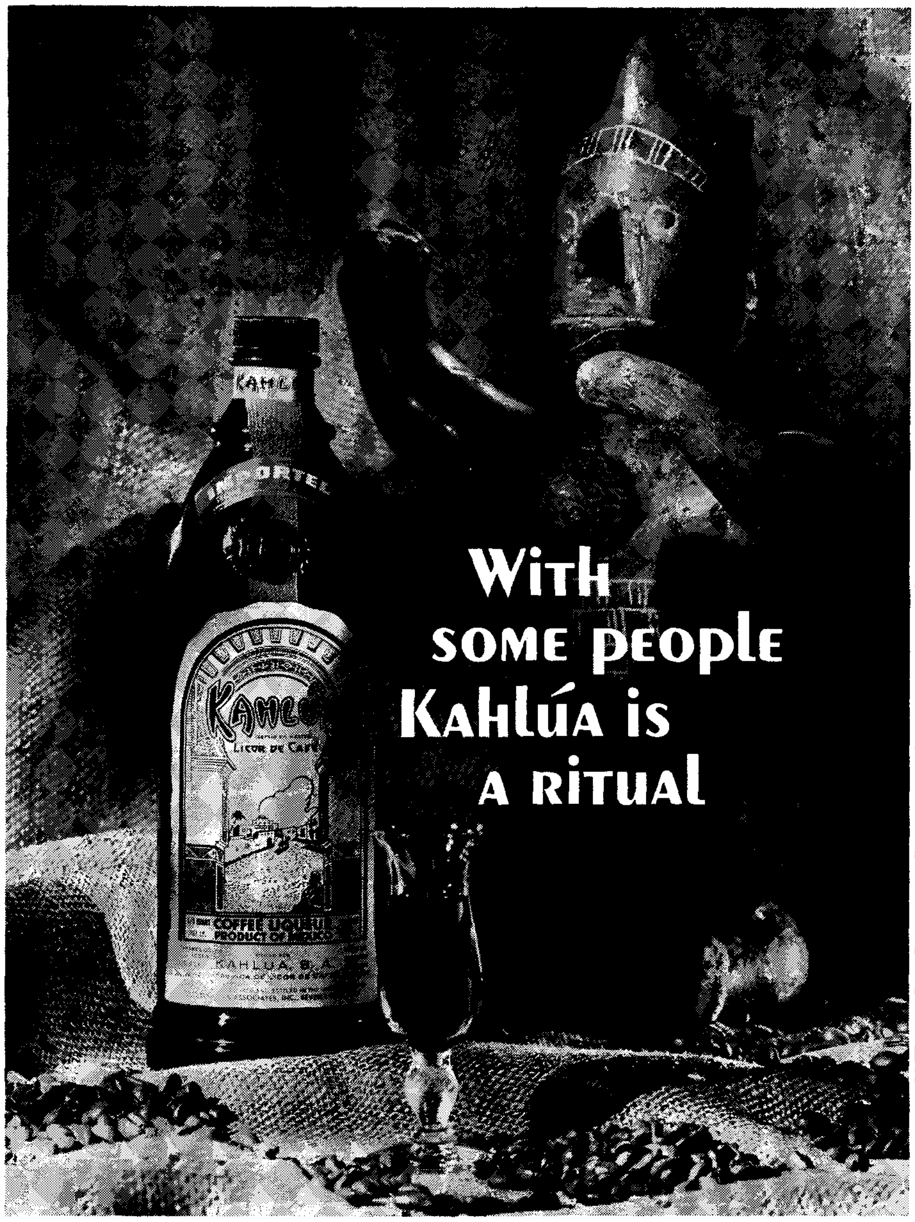

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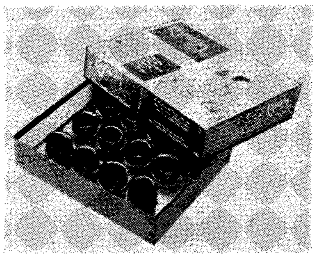

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BOOKS

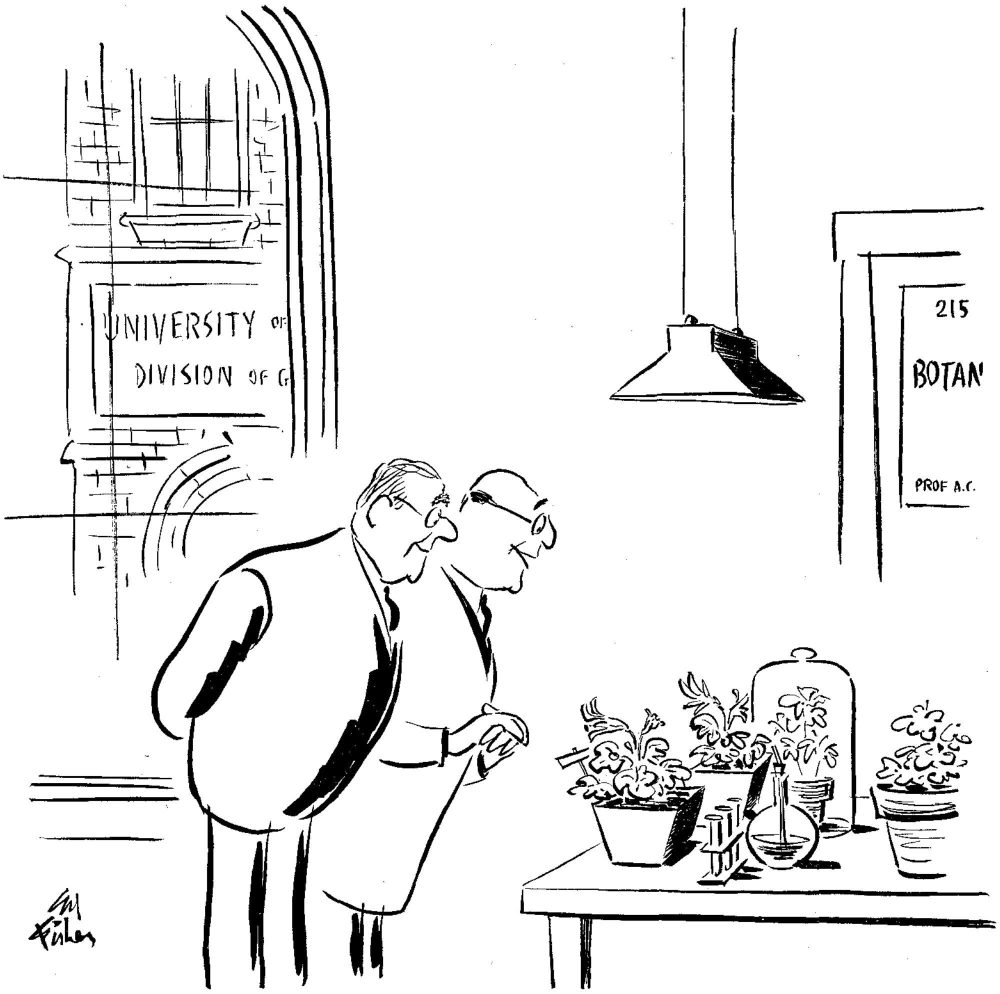
Temper, Temper!

SOME books are obstacles as well as monuments; they are too good and not good enough. We all know the type: they appear—and are diligently designed to appear—authoritative; they display an incomparable familiarity with their subject and wear their meticulous details, their newly discovered manuscripts, their garlands of ibids, like badges of excellence. Yet they miss the point. Men of ideas invite this sort of book: they attract admiring and patient antiquarians who are prepared to struggle for decades to produce a biography that is exhaustive, accurate, and lifeless. Yet—and this is why they are too good—their authority, their bulk, and the obvious care with which they have been put together are likely to frighten away other biographers unwilling to poach on preserves so thoroughly explored and so jealously guarded.

Theodore Besterman's long-awaited "Voltaire" (Harcourt, Brace & World; twelve dollars and fifty cents) is a splendid—that is to say, depressing—example. It tells us everything about Voltaire except the things that matter, and with such an air of proprietorship, such loftiness, and such ill temper that it will probably be a long time before someone else dares to trespass on Besterman's terrain. And it is Besterman's terrain: as he takes care to remind us, no one is better prepared to write the life of Voltaire than Theodore Besterman. "I have spent many years in close and critical study of his life and works," he claims, with much justice. "I live in his house, work in his library, sleep in his bedroom." No reader of this book can long remain unaware that Besterman is founder and director of the Institut et Musée Voltaire, in Geneva; has been responsible for a meritorious series of monographs and collected articles on Voltaire and his time; has edited Voltaire's fascinating notebooks, household accounts, and similar artifacts of the literary life; and, above all, has edited Voltaire's vast and magnificent correspondence. Most of his footnotes refer to his edition of this correspondence, so the significant abbreviation "Best." appears on practically every page, often several times, and in the text he tells his readers again and again about letters he has been the first to read, judgments he is best entitled to offer. "Voltaire," designed as a monument to Voltaire, is a monument to Besterman.

The results of Mr. Besterman's long and well-publicized labors, I must rapidly add, have been gratifying and important. He has greatly enlarged and splendidly corrected Voltaire's correspondence and notebooks—to mention only two of his concerns—and this is far from negligible work. Everyone engaged in the eighteenth century—the student of social and political history quite as much as the student of literary history—has reason to feel grateful to him. In fact, whatever is valuable about "Voltaire" is Besterman's extraordinary mastery of the material: he can quote from the notebooks more accurately than anyone else, he has corrected the dates, and even the contents, of letters long familiar but hitherto inaccurately transcribed. His scholarship is a hard, admirable, and indispensable vocation. "Voltaire" is a dependable handbook: one can have absolute confidence in its extracts from the correspondence (scattered across numerous chapters several pages at a time, without a break). But this book gives painful evidence that to edit texts is one thing, to write a biography quite another. Besterman's familiarity with Voltaire has bred contempt; his treatment of other scholars—the few he mentions at all—is condescending when it is not savage. "Most writings on Voltaire"—so reads one of the obiter dicta that crowd his pages—"have no permanent value, and endlessly contradict each other." Besterman thus isolates himself from the world of scholarship, and his isolation is not necessarily splendid.

The first victim of this Gaullism is objectivity. Besterman does not simply admire Voltaire; he worships him. He claims that his admiration is "this side idolatry," but I wonder. Could anyone but a wholehearted worshipper



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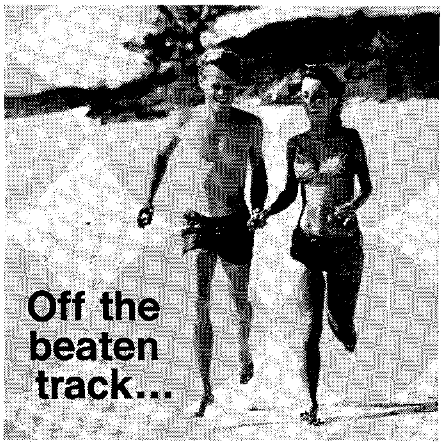
claim that "Voltaire is the greatest of French writers," that he was "one of those over-life-size personages who seem perpetually to attract equally extraordinary events," that he was, in short, "one of the world's greatest geniuses"? By claiming the status of masterpiece for Voltaire's most casual or most deferential productions, by insisting that Voltaire was a serious philosopher, Besterman asserts so much that most readers are likely to discount it all, and that would be a pity. No one can dispute Voltaire's greatness, but to insist on it so stridently is a tactical error that Voltaire himself would not have made. "The more academic kind of philosopher thinks that Voltaire's opinions are unworthy of careful examination because they are not formulated in the language of the schools," Besterman writes. "There is indeed little formally systematic about Voltaire's presentation of his views. His detractors have said so a thousand times with many a smirk, as though this fact had something obscene about it. In reality, if Voltaire did not compose a system of philosophy it was not because he was incapable of undertaking such a construction: the *Traité de Métaphysique* shows this well enough. It was rather because he thought it very foolish to do so. Systems, said he, 'offend my reason.' And again, 'so far as systems are concerned, one must always reserve to oneself to laugh in the morning at the ideas one had the previous day.' There is also a technical difficulty: Voltaire was utterly incapable of writing a sentence the meaning of which is not pellucid at a first reading. Academic philosophers and theologians naturally take a poor view of such unprofessional conduct." This is a characteristic passage: accusing others of sneering, Besterman sneers at others; trading on Voltaire's sensible skepticism about the ambitious systems of seventeenth-century metaphysicians, Besterman argues that Voltaire himself was a major philosopher, which he was not, and that all metaphysics is nonsense, which it is not. And Besterman's adulation of Voltaire is matched by his denigration of Voltaire's rivals and adversaries. The observations on Pascal are embarrassing, the observations on Rousseau are cruel and totally uncomprehending: one would never know that Pascal was a serious existentialist theologian (no matter how firmly one may reject his views) and Rousseau a great social and political theorist (no matter how uncomfortable his ideas may make one). Nor does it help us to understand Frederick

ELEUTHERA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the Great, a difficult and complicated historical figure, to say that his "spiritual heir was Hitler." This is the language of the autodidact.

Such bias is irritating but not fatal; it impairs but does not destroy the value of Besterman's book. After all, one can stick to the facts and skip the opinions. But Besterman's procedure has graver consequences: it prevents him from giving the facts due weight and thus makes nonsense of Voltaire's life. "It is futile to discuss Voltaire by quoting him pell-mell," Besterman writes, in the tone in which he lectures lesser writers, "without taking into account the date of each work and the circumstances in which it was written." This is excellent, if obvious, advice. But he is wrong in asserting that hardly any writers have heeded it, and he fails to heed it himself. Voltaire—and this is one reason he is so interesting—was many things: playwright, storyteller, letter writer, social critic, diplomat, historian, political and religious pamphleteer, amateur scientist and professional humanitarian, scientific popularizer, major wit and minor philosopher. He was a powerful force in a century moving toward modernity and in a society moving toward revolution. He was—a word Besterman himself uses—*engagé*. If we are to understand why he is interesting and important, we must understand what he was *engagé* about. And here Besterman is of no help at all. He gives Voltaire's opinions on Shakespeare—complicated, cranky, and in the long run not terribly significant—more than twenty-five pages; he summarizes the action of several of Voltaire's tragedies, now largely forgotten, at some length. But he gives Voltaire's great report on England—"Lettres Philosophiques," a milestone in social criticism and emerging sociological analysis—a scanty four pages or so, and only three to Voltaire's equally important popularization of Newton; five pages, a large part of them quotations, to Voltaire's historical masterpiece, the "Essai sur les Mœurs;" and a handful of pages, mainly of incidental details and lists of articles, to what is probably Voltaire's most influential polemical work, the "Dictionnaire Philosophique." Of course, Besterman praises all these books, and with justice, but while he is large on the trivia of publication, he is wholly inadequate on analysis.

Besterman is as unsatisfactory on the historical context as he is on Voltaire's major texts. I offer only one instance. Besterman takes the trouble to define a unique and still controversial institution of the Old Regime—the *parle-*

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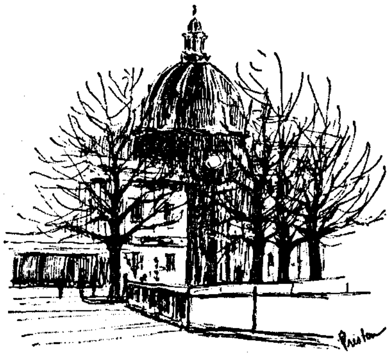

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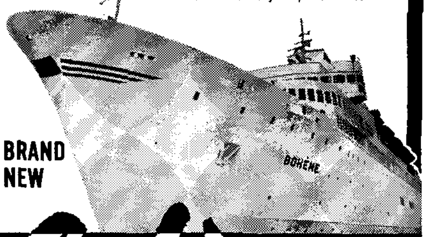

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ments. He tells his readers, rightly, that they were not a parliament in the English sense but courts scattered across France, and that the *parlement* of Paris was the oldest, largest, and most influential of them. Then he defines their function: "The *parlement* was primarily a multi-chambered court of law, but it also had the duty of registering the king's edicts in order to give them the force of law; the *parlement* was not always willing to do so, expressing its objections in so-called remonstrances, which led to frequent tugs of war with the king and his council." This definition takes the claims by the spokesmen for the *parlements* as historical fact. But they are not historical fact: the royalist party, of which Voltaire was a vigorous partisan all his life, denied that the *parlements* had any share in the lawmaking process, and insisted that the registration of royal decrees did not give them the force of law, because they already had that force; the act of registration was the act of a mere clerk. Nor was this simply a lawyers' quarrel; it made for the biggest political fight in France before the Revolution. Voltaire was in politics up to his ears all his life. Not only in France but wherever he went—England, the Dutch Republic, Prussia, Geneva—he observed closely, and wherever circumstances permitted he meddled. Besterman obscures Voltaire's part in French political life, and thus trivializes his work; Besterman's few remarks on the Calas case, which made Voltaire the leading legal reformer of eighteenth-century France, prevent anyone not already familiar with the case from seeing its importance in French legal history.

There is a fairly substantial chapter on Voltaire's religion in which Besterman offers the unconvincing conclusion that Voltaire was not really a deist, as most scholars believe, but an agnostic—or, rather, an atheist. And there is a short general chapter on the Enlightenment which concentrates on the idea of progress almost to the exclusion of any other, and, I think, far more important, characteristic; here, too, he does not give modern scholarship its due. Voltaire is a famous man—we all know his "Candide," his grin, and his wit—but he is essentially unknown in this country except to the specialist. He was an ornament and a critic of his time, but we do not find out in "Voltaire" what it was that he ornamented and criticized. And his ideas—on method, on reason, on law, on tolerance—remain important to our day, but we do not find out in "Voltaire" what those ideas were. The biographer of Voltaire will

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have this book on his desk and consult it often. But a satisfactory biography of Voltaire has yet to be written.

—PETER GAY

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

HIGH ON FOGGY BOTTOM: AN OUTSIDER'S INSIDE VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT, by Charles Frankel (Harper & Row). The author, a professor of philosophy at Columbia, put in two years (1965-67) as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs. He began with high ambitions: he wanted to get rid of a tendency to use American cultural achievements as propaganda; he hoped that the United States could help create a worldwide intellectual and artistic community; and he wished us to allow other nations to feel they had intellectual or artistic contributions to make, too, because they have. Professor Frankel's specific programs were victims of budget-cutting as the costs of the Vietnam war rose, and he resigned. His book offers a remarkably informative description of how the executive branch works—or, more accurately, does not work—which explains why it is extraordinarily difficult to carry out policies, and why good (moral and competent) men achieve less than their best in government. The book's message is sad and alarming, because it suggests that the federal government urgently needs remodelling in ways that no one has yet conceived; the bright side is Professor Frankel's charm and wit.

THE PRICE OF MY SOUL, by Bernadette Devlin (Knopf). Autobiography and opinions. The first element is brief, since Ulster's famous Member of Parliament is no more than twenty-two years old, and the second is copious. Miss Devlin believes that capitalists inflame Ulster's Catholics and Protestants against each other in order to exploit both sides, and that the stagnation of Ulster's economy is due to the machinations of the same evil rich. (She does not explain why these villains would not prefer a boom.) Though she herself is the beneficiary of fairly generous social services (she and her orphaned brothers and sisters were supported in the family's publicly subsidized house—all the way through college in her case), she despises the government and society of her native land. She also

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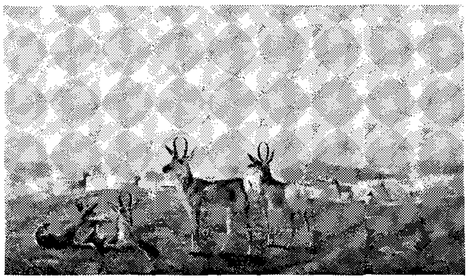
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CASANOVA, by John Masters (Bernard Geis). A biography that is both a concise retelling and an acute interpretation of the curious autobiography that has been called the greatest novel of the eighteenth century. It has the big advantage over the work of other Casanovists of being based not on the standard bowdlerized and piously amplified version of Jean Laforgue but on the original text, which the owners—the F. A. Brockhaus publishing firm, of Wiesbaden—finally made available in 1960. Its quality, however, is Mr. Masters' own. He rarely quotes (his book is not an assemblage of snippets from "Histoire de Ma Vie"), he has gone to considerable trouble to sift the fiction from the fact (his examinations of the celebrated escape from the Leads and of the equally celebrated cabalistic conning of the Marquise d'Urfé are particular delights), and his comments are always interesting (such as that an eighteenth-century stagecoach travelled at an average speed of less than three miles per hour) and often flavored with humor: "Count Afflisio . . . had transferred from the Spanish to the Austrian service. In modern terms, this is like saying he had transferred from the Russian to the American army, but his real profession was not 'officer' but 'adventurer,' and the change meant no more than a Mississippi gambler's transfer from the Robert E. Lee to the Dixie Belle." Illustrated—magnificently illustrated—with nearly two hundred contemporary paintings and drawings (Canaletto, Guardi, Tiepolo, Hogarth, Fragonard) and with photographs, including a numbing winter view of the countryside near Dux, where Casanova spent his last years in bitterness and the creation of his masterpiece. Many are in full color. Fifteen dollars.

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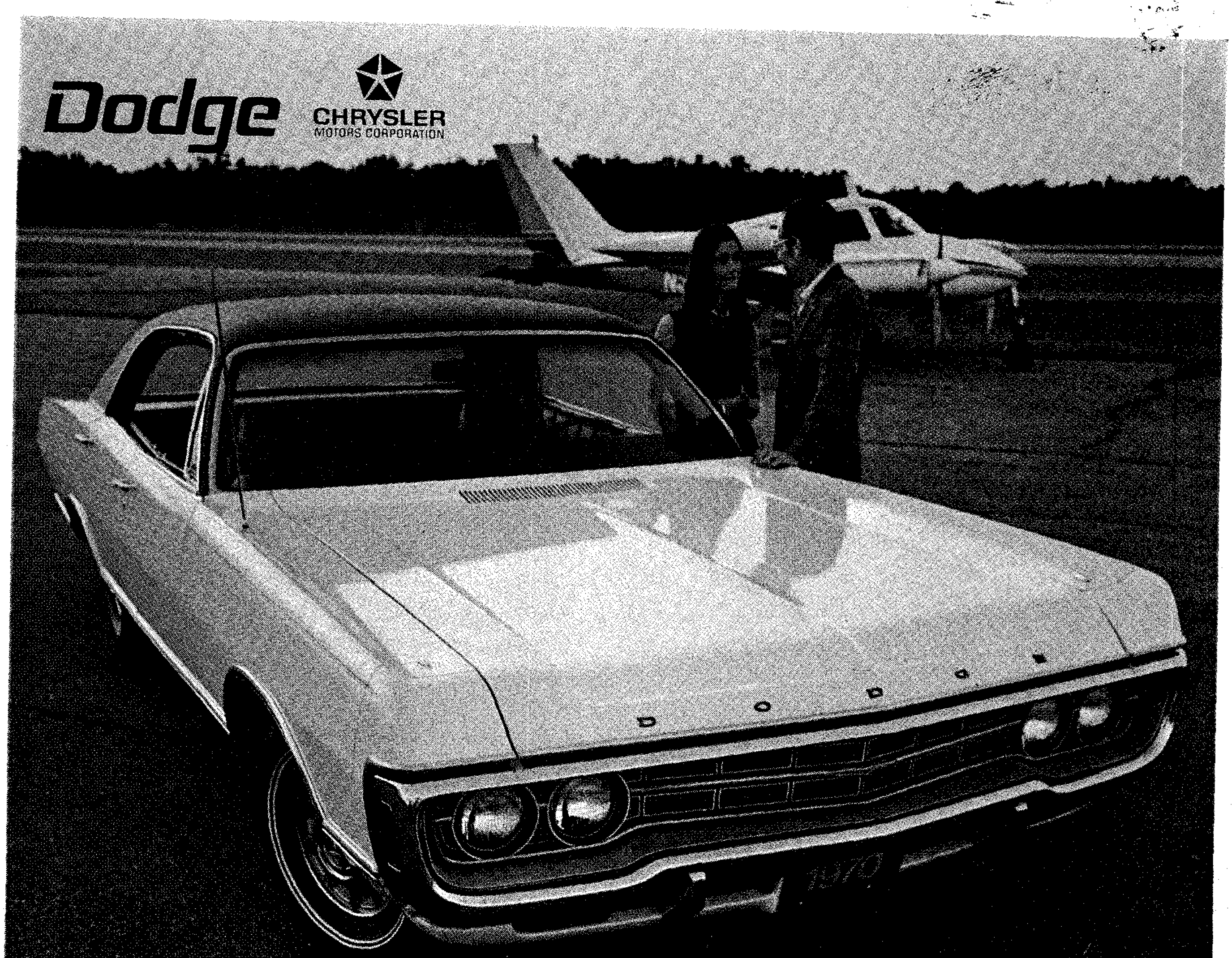

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